

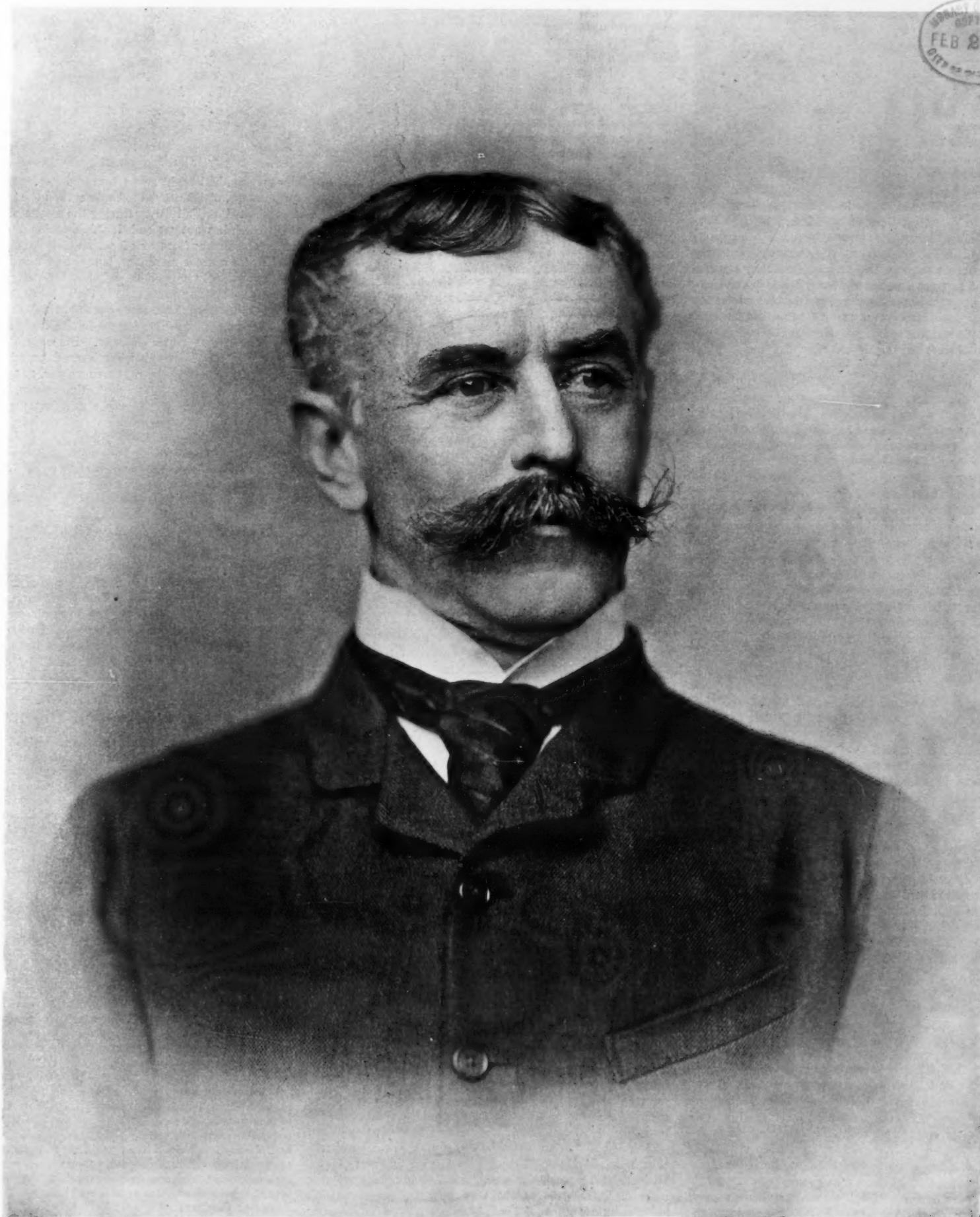
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXIV.—No. 2163.  
Copyright, 1897, by ARKELL WEEKLY CO. No. 110 Fifth Avenue  
All Rights Reserved

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1897.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



MR. FRANK THOMSON,

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—[SEE PAGE 121.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FEBRUARY 25, 1897.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.	
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

## Reciprocity with Canada.

**T**HE Canadian government is earnestly considering an attempt to procure closer trade relations with this country. Unofficial visits have already been made to Washington with this end in view, and it is quite certain that after Mr. McKinley's inauguration a formal proposal for a measure of reciprocity will be made by Canadian commissioners. The Hitt resolution, which passed the House of Representatives a few years ago, provided for the appointment of three commissioners to meet and confer with those to be appointed by the Canadian government.

So we have, to a certain extent, put ourselves on record in favor of reciprocity with Canada. That the views of the incoming administration are in harmony with the general principle of the Hitt resolution may fairly be presumed, as reciprocity, with the object of increasing our export trade, supplied a plank in the Republican platform. Previous failures on the part of Canada to procure a satisfactory treaty were owing to partial and one-sided offers, which, in fairness to our manufacturing interests, could not be entertained. More liberal propositions the Conservative party would not consent to, but the present Canadian government, elected to pass a measure of tariff reform and unhampered by conflicting obligations, is free to consider the placing on the free list of very many of our manufactures. On this point it remains to be seen whether the concessions to be made will meet our requirements.

It would seem that the Dominion could hardly enter into a treaty of reciprocity with us without discriminating against England, and the appeal to loyalty founded thereon was, and is, the watchword of the Canadian Tories. A more inconsistent attitude could hardly be imagined. They themselves have been discriminating against England since 1879, when they enacted a protective tariff which taxed British imports heavier than American; and when objection was made at the time that British connection would be endangered, Sir John Macdonald answered: "So much the worse for British connection." But if in the approaching negotiations a large measure of reciprocity should be agreed upon, and if the resulting discrimination against England should involve a complete assimilation of the customs tariffs and internal-revenue taxes of the United States and Canada, grave difficulties may arise. It will be for the Dominion to say whether she will thus surrender to the predominant partner in reciprocity the right of regulating the Canadian tariff, and whether she will deem it a hurtful loss of national power; and it will be for Great Britain to consider the question of assent to a scheme which admits American goods free to her most important colony, while requiring the latter to adopt the United States tariff against British goods.

Unrestricted trade with Canada is much more important than reciprocity with the South American republics. In trading with the Canadians we have to do with a people who have our own standard of living, and are liberal purchasers of our goods. Last year they imported nearly sixty million dollars' worth, and even during the thirteen years' duration of the one-sided treaty of 1854 Canada bought from us much more than she sold to us. Mr. Laurier's clearly expressed desire to co-operate with our government in the settlement of the fisheries question and in the improvement of the international water-ways is a more significant and liberal proposition than has emanated from Ottawa for some time. There is no question that the present Dominion government is animated by more cordial feelings toward this country than its predecessor, and a working basis of common action in regard to several important questions should therefore be more readily arranged.

## Dangers to New York Supremacy.

**T**HERE are several great dangers to New York supremacy. One is the lack of civic pride among the citizens of the metropolis, another is the unaffected jealousy of interior, western, and southern communities, and a third is the growing facilities that other ports have for getting freight over much shorter hauls. We cannot underrate the importance of Baltimore, Norfolk, Savannah, and Charleston, on the Atlantic seaboard, and now we learn from an important article on another page that on the Gulf of Mexico, Port Arthur, the terminal city of a great longitudinal trunk-line, is prepared to compete with New York, and these other cities as well. As Americans we cannot complain that our own people and kindred have such admirable enterprise. In their success we rejoice unfeignedly, but it is not right that they should be inspired with

any jealousy of New York, nor that New York should sit quietly by without efforts to meet fair and enterprising competition. New York people should see to it that her facilities for reaching the interior are improved in every possible way, and they should resent the jealous opposition which tries to prevent the deepening of the channels to New York harbor so that the largest ships may have ingress and egress at whatever stage of water. But there is an element of war even in commerce—commerce which we call the great civilizer—and New-Yorkers may depend upon it that they will only get what they win and only have what they can hold.

## A Suggestion for Farmers.

**W**HILE some people are raging, and a goodly number of others imagining a vain thing, about the bogies called trusts, which, like other partnerships, only succeed when they serve the public, and so deserve success, there is a good deal of more or less concrete talk abroad as to the possibility of trying the trust, or the department-store principle, in agriculture. Suppose, it is said, that a number of farmers, aggregating a large acreage, should make a "combine." Then, after careful consideration of the variant qualities of the land in regard to the products it could best raise, and also taking stock of the knowledge and abilities of the partners, the great farm should be run on the lines of a department-store, with all the advantages of a big concern, in the way of buying and selling, over a small one. Salaries and commissions on sales, with a division of profits, would be the rule, and a concern of the sort would have the further advantage which a large concern has over a small one in the way of gaining information. The managers of the aggregated farm would be in a position to know whether the prospects were better for wheat, or corn, or potatoes, or hay, or any other product, and shape their operations to suit the conditions. The trouble with the farming population has been that, whenever they have combined their energies, their work has been expended in trying to make somebody else pay their losses, instead of essaying to produce their goods at lower prices and in larger quantities, as is the rule of industrialists. With a proper system and regulation it ought to be as easy to handle a hundred thousand acres as a hundred, and the per-cent. profits would be much larger from the big place than from the small.

## The Dog Show.

THE Westminster Kennel Club and the other kindred organizations in this country have been doing excellent



work during the past two decades. Their work is such that they cannot afford to give over even for a little while, for to stop or to take a vacation would mean a retrogression in the standard of breeding. A high standard of breeding in dogs, as in all other domestic animals, must be stimulated, if not

actually controlled, by the organized co-operation of the breeders. That is what these gentlemen of the kennel clubs have done for the dogs in this country, and their annual shows give certain and very popular evidence of the improvement in breeds and the constant elevation of the standard of judgment.

It is a somewhat popular idea, encouraged more perhaps by the humorists than by more practical men, who see the actualities rather than the whimsicalities of life, that it is the bare-legged boy with the bent pin who catches the fish, the lopped-eared and spavined mule that wins the race, the crooked cow with the crumpled horn that gives the most milk, and the yellow cur who whips in the fight. But, like many another popular idea, this is a mere inversion of facts. The thoroughbred represents all that is best in civilization, and if the thoroughbred be not superior, then civilization itself is a failure.

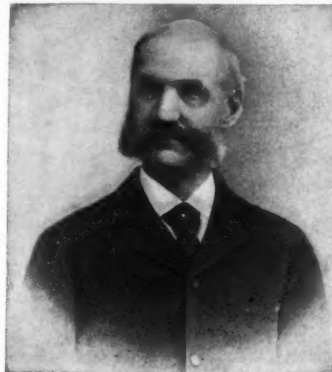
But we all know that high and skillful breeding has brought about the improvements which have resulted in the wonderful types into which our domestic animals are grouped. Now, in no other species are the types more interesting than in the canine race. To be sure, the origin of the dog is still an undiscovered mystery in natural history, but it is certain that all dogs have a common origin, whether that ancestor was the jackal or some animal now extinct. To think it possible that the tiny Japanese spaniel and the splendidly intelligent bloodhound had common or similar ancestors in the remote past is difficult; but it is true, quite as true as many of the one-time "fairy-tales of science," now become too trite even to excite interest. It has been man's fondness for experiment and his taste for intelligent investigation which has produced these great results—results which have magnified a hundred-fold the usefulness of what the greatest of French naturalists de-

clared was "the most interesting and useful conquest ever made by man."

No; we must dismiss the false idea about the yellow cur. The best dog is the best-bred dog, and all a man needs to know is why he wants a dog, and then he can get the very one he requires. And the place to see all of the various kinds is at the bench show at Madison Square Garden, which is just about to open as this paper goes to press.

## A Bold, Brave Stroke.

MR. MATTHEW C. D. BORDEN, of New York and Fall River, sees about as clearly into the future as the next man,



MR. M. C. D. BORDEN.

and he has the advantage of being able to adjust his views by the light of long experience and with the aid of the best attainable information. When, therefore, Mr. Borden goes into any gigantic business venture we can feel pretty sure that he knows what he is about. The other day, as chronicled in the

newspapers, he bought seven hundred thousand pieces of cotton cloth, which proved to be more than the total surplus accumulated at Fall River during the season of dull business, which has not yet ended. This action on the part of the greatest manufacturer of cotton cloth in the country, who is also a great merchant, is the most reassuring thing that has recently happened, and shows that Mr. Borden at least has an abiding confidence in the immediate future.

We believe that Mr. Borden does not think that the good times we have all been hoping for have already arrived, but believes that they are on the way. His object in thus acquiring control of a surplus which was depressing the market and embarrassing the mill-owners was, to be sure, selfish in a measure, for, while protecting others, he was also protecting himself; but it was a selfishness which, as we said before, is full of promise for, and faith in, the future. All who are looking anxiously for a sound and safe revival of business will wish Mr. Borden well in this great venture, —a venture of more importance than any one man often undertakes to carry through with his own unaided means.

The mill-operatives in Fall River and the whole of New England will have him to thank that the mills are not entirely shut down, or the time of working so limited that wages would be uncomfortably scant. When the capital an enterprising man has accumulated is used to such an end as this he deserves the sincere thanks of the public at large. There are large and difficult questions about charity and its result on pauperism, but there can be no question of the value of that action which keeps in motion the wheels of industry and supplies honest employment to needy folk.

To Mr. Borden we tender assurances of our highest regard and most distinguished consideration.

## The Talk of the Slums.

AN enthusiastic philanthropist who was given to founding women's clubs among the slums was challenged to show any good that they had done. A more "practical" rival in the field said, "I found cooking-schools and sewing-schools and mothers' clubs. I can see just what my work is accomplishing. My women learn to cook better, bring up their children better, and sew better. You get your women together and have some music and reading and pour tea. The women go away and smile and smile, but they are just as likely for all that to remain as untidy and almost as ignorant as they were before."

The assaulted philanthropist laughed, and replied by quoting Matthew Arnold's saying, that "a single line of poetry working in the mind may produce more thoughts and lead to more light, which is what man wants, than the fullest acquaintance with the process of digestion." "And really," she went on, "that is not so extravagant as it seems. I worked in these practical lines for years, and I found that, though I could trace many good practical results, the talk of my women among themselves remained much the same as before. It is the social life that we lead, the talk in which we indulge, that does more than anything else to shape our lives. I made up my mind to give these women something to talk about, something that they would enjoy talking about, and which would do them good, and I believe that I have done just that, to their very great benefit."

Those who become acquainted with the intimate life of the tenement-house population are appalled at the subjects and style of the common talk among the so-called good women there. No flagrant vice may enter into their conduct, but the narrowness and similarity of their lives, the dirt and disorder in their crowded homes, and the sordid, often bestial, nature of their husbands and the other men of the neighborhood—all these combine to deprive the women of whatever purity of thought or elevation of sentiment they may have had to begin with. The gregarious tendency of their kind draws them together in groups on the sidewalks or in their reeking hall-ways. They must talk. Neighborhood gossip, often of the foulest description, and the details of their graceless lives, are the sole material of their conversation. It was an opportune and a noble thought of the clear-sighted philanthropist, that she should give these women something interesting, and at the same time good, to talk about. It is true that the cooking- and sewing-schools meet



this want in a measure—but cooking and sewing, necessary and admirable as they are, can hardly be said, by their warmest advocates, to stimulate the imagination, to warm the cockles of the heart, or to extend and beautify the vocabulary—all of which are essential if good talk is to be promoted.

Workers in villages and small towns will testify that the crying need in these places is the same. Scandal flourishes shamefully among the rank and file of village dwellers, because they have little to talk of beside their neighbors. Yet such are the conditions of life in these hamlets that the very individuals concerning whom the most shocking tales are told must often be met constantly and treated civilly by the tale-bearers—these being in turn very likely the subjects of equally unsavory anecdotes by the parties of the other part.

The founding of a reading-club, or a high-class social club in which reading and music afford food for thought and talk for days, becomes a Christianizing and civilizing power of no small significance in such a community.

Good society is scarce in the slums—as elsewhere. Good books and good music are good society “in the sear,” if not in the green. It is good society which raises men, more than any other human agency. Let us not neglect the practical means for lifting up the degraded—but it is worth while to remember that he who supplies a noble thought or a happy and elevating sensation may have done as much as the practical philanthropist, or more. He has met a legitimate need—he has even helped one to grow.

One of the worst things about the salacious and corrupt press of the day is that it circulates freely among the very poor, and gives subjects for thought and conversation which drag downward. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he—and by his words, we are told, he is either saved or condemned.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—CONGRESSMAN CHARLES F. SPRAGUE, of Boston, is probably the richest man who will sit in the Fifty-sixth Congress. He is

but forty years old, while his wife, who was a Miss Pratt, of Brookline, Massachusetts, is some years his junior. The joint wealth of this fortunate couple is estimated at twenty million dollars. Mr. Sprague comes from an old historic Plymouth family. His grandfather, Peleg Sprague, was a Congressman and Senator from Maine, and on his retirement from the Senate he was appointed a district judge in Massachusetts, which position he held for many years. His maternal grandfather was William Lawrence, brother of Amos and Abbott Lawrence, the latter

being minister to the court of St. James's at one time. Mr. Sprague was graduated from Harvard College. He is a lawyer, but is seldom seen in the courts, his time being taken up in looking after his own and his wife's extensive financial interests. He was elected to Congress last November by the largest majority of any Massachusetts member, to succeed General William F. Draper, who expects to go to France as the American ambassador.

—Mr. John Addison Porter, of Pomfret, Connecticut, Yale College '78 [Scroll and Key], and formerly editor-in-chief of



MR. JOHN ADDISON PORTER.

the *Hartford Post*, is to occupy, under President McKinley, the important and highly exacting office of private secretary to the nation's chief executive. Mr. Porter is the eldest son of the late Professor John Addison Porter, long time dean of the Sheffield Scientific School of New Haven, and Josephine Earl Sheffield, a daughter of the founder of that institution, and was born in New Haven forty years ago. After his graduation from Yale, where he was distinguished in the classics, Mr. Porter studied law under distinguished auspices at Cleveland, Ohio, but subsequently left the legal profession for that of journalism. His newspaper experience, covering a period of sixteen years, has embraced service in various capacities with the *New Haven Palladium*, *Hartford Courant*, *New York Observer*, and *New York Tribune*. He has also been a frequent contributor to the leading magazines; and the literary work to his credit includes several monographs, the most notable of which are an elaborate historical review of the corporation of Yale University, and a detailed critical study of “The Origin and Administration of the City of Washington.” His volume of “Sketches of Yale Life” enjoys an extensive popularity among graduates

and friends of the university. For considerations of health, Mr. Porter in 1884 took up his residence in Washington, D. C., where he remained for two years, conducting a general book-publishing business, and serving as clerk of the special Senate Committee on Indian Post Traderships. In 1886 he purchased the residence and farm at Pomfret, which has been his home since that time. He purchased, in 1888, an interest in the *Hartford Evening Post*, and later acquired a majority of the stock of that newspaper. Mr. Porter was returned from Pomfret as first Representative, in the election of 1890, on the straight Republican ticket, of which party he has always been a loyal and energetic member. Mr. Porter was twice a candidate for nomination as candidate for Governor of Connecticut. He has long been an adherent of Major McKinley. As the President's private secretary, he is about to tackle the most difficult office of his life, yet his qualities are such as to give earnest that he may reach therein his highest achievement.

—Signor Arturo Nutini, the blind pianist, whose concerts are a feature of the current musical season, is a notable exemplification of that equitable law of nature by which the power withheld from one sense is transferred in double measure to another faculty in the same individual. The result is what we generally term genius. A genius among musicians Signor Nutini certainly is. Born in Florence, Italy, some thirty-three years ago, and having become totally blind at the age of nine months, this young man has not spent his life in darkness, idleness, nor dreariness.



SIGNOR ARTURO NUTINI.

At a very early age he evinced such talent that soon he was beyond his masters. His study and his playing are accomplished on a purely scientific and technical basis. Though totally blind, he plays the most difficult rhapsodies of Liszt, sonatas of Beethoven, and later classical compositions of modern masters with ease, accuracy, and wonderful expression. The marvelous part is that he learns all these compositions from the notes. Paderewski and his contemporaries play Liszt's “Hungarian Rhapsody” No. 6, one of the most difficult of all compositions to execute, in a transposed key, generally that of one flat. This blind musician plays it in the original key, six sharps. Signor Nutini has a little machine, consisting of a flat metal board in which there are tiny grooves, over which he fits a sheet of thick paper, and by the aid of a little ruler and awl, perforates all his music in a manner peculiar to himself, as his interpreter sits beside him and reads it from the regular staff. There is no music too difficult, no time too intricate, for him to copy in this manner. To an ordinary observer this music looks no more than a few raised pin-heads on paper. His memory is so retentive that often after once copying a composition he can sit down and play it without first running his sensitive fingers over the perforations.

—If Hamilton Mabie were to respond to all the requests for lectures that are made to him his handsome home in Summit

would see little of him, and his editorial desk at the *Outlook* office less. His vogue as a lecturer has increased *pari passu* with his fame as an essayist, and the equal step in this case is a stride. In an article in a late number of the *Chap Book* on “Recent American Essays,” Mr. Mabie modestly omits his own name from the list of twelve American essayists whom he regards as foremost. The list begins with Mr. Stedman, with Mr. Warner second and



MR. HAMILTON MABIE.

Miss Guiney last; but in justice Mr. Mabie's name should be not further down than third, even if by being there it precedes those of Mr. Howells and Miss Repplier. Mr. Mabie is a delightful man socially, and among all American men of letters there is no other so genuinely modest.

—A movement is on foot to erect a statue in New York to the distinguished journalist and war correspondent, Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, of Ohio, who died in Constantinople in 1878, shortly after the arrival of the Russian troops before that city. MacGahan's name is indissolubly connected with the history of the great upheaval in the Balkan peninsula, for it was he who first called the attention of the civilized world to the Turkish barbarities in Bulgaria, and thus indirectly brought about the declaration of war against the sultan. The gratitude of the Bulgarian nation was such that, but for certain diplomatic intrigues, MacGahan would probably have been elected ruler of the new principality. He had seen much active service even before the Russo-Turkish war, having accompanied the Russian expeditionary force to Khiva under General Kaufmann. His success as a correspondent was due as much to his



J. A. MACGAHAN.

pleasing qualities as to his professional acumen. By reason of his frankness, manliness, and charm of manner he was always *persona grata* with all with whom he came in contact, and among his intimate friends he counted Scoboleff and various members of the imperial family of Russia. The statue to be erected to him is still in the sculptor's hands. Funds for its completion are lacking and contributions to this end are invited. All sums should be sent to the MacGahan Statue Committee, Press Club, New York.

—The Jockey Club has secured for the coming season the services of Mr. C. T. Pettingill as the official starter. The start-



MR. C. T. PETTINGILL.

ing of race-horses is a very ticklish job, besides requiring an irreproachable integrity. Honest men are much easier to find than good starters, for your starter must not only be honest, but cool as a cucumber and as quick as a flash of lightning. Mr. Pettingill has had much experience in this kind of work, and his success was what caused his appointment. He is fifty years old, a native of Maine, and was one of

the boy-soldiers, serving through the hostilities and not mustered out till 1866. He then settled in South Carolina, where first he was a merchant and then an assessor of internal revenue. He became interested in race-horses many years ago, and later went regularly into the business. He has owned several good ones, such, for instance, as Fair Count and the Duke of Montalban. As a professional starter he has served at Gloucester, in New Jersey; at Chicago, Louisville, Washington, New Orleans, and other places, and is now regarded as the safest and the best in the country in this particular field.

—Kuehne Beveridge returns to public prominence once more with a very creditable bust in bronze of the redoubtable Buffalo Bill as a fruit of recent years of industrious labor as a sculptor. New York took very kindly to Miss Beveridge when she came East out of California six years or so ago, and but for her unhappy entanglement with Charles Coghlan she might now be on a higher plane of artistic achievement. She possessed youth, grace, beauty, and talent. There is a good deal of ideality about a woman sculptor, and there is still an excellent opportunity for Miss Beveridge to make her work interesting to the public.

—While talk of Mrs. Bradley Martin's ball was raging loudly from Maine to California it was worth almost the exorbitant price of admission to see the much talked-about society leader in her box at the Metropolitan Opera House. A fair, fat, and jolly woman of fifty, the incarnation of good humor and good nature, she seemed as contented with life as if no person were denouncing her for sinful extravagance, with half the press of the nation supporting him. In the intermissions of the opera she was the observed of all the audience.

—Cora Urquhart Potter is harvesting laurels and garnering up gold in Australia, at a rate which must console her for any



CORA URQUHART POTTER.

secret chagrin she may have felt at New York's somewhat excessive reserve in awarding her the meed of success. The Potter-Bellew company is putting in the entire season at the antipodes, to say nothing of contracting return engagements there, on the most flattering terms, for two years ahead. The fair American has, moreover, achieved the highest compliment of all—from a feminine point of view—in setting a new fashion in *coiffure* among the society belles of Sydney and Melbourne. Her famous copper-bronze hair, worn “with a difference” peculiar to herself, has held its own as a drawing-room, boudoir, and society-press topic, even after the charm of her poetic *Juliet* and of Mr. Kyrle Bellew's ardent *Romeo* had evaporated from over-analysis. A return to England via South Africa and India, a favorable exploitation in London of her undoubted talents, now fully developed by prosperity—and Mrs. Potter's professional relation to her native land may be even now forecast as that of a conquering heroine.

—The man who keeps a scrap-book and supplies paragraphs to the newspapers is an industrious person and deserves to be talked about more than he is, for he trots out little items from his scrap-book at intervals of about five years, and each time, if the item have a little humor or fun in it, it usually goes the rounds. Here is an old friend, and is the reply of a Turkish chieftain of an interior province to Mr. Layard, one time British minister at Constantinople, who had asked for some statistics of the province:

“My illustrious friend and joy of my liver. The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules and another stows away in the bottom of his ships, that is no business of mine. Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things that concern thee not. Thou comest to us and we welcome thee; go in peace. Of a truth thou hast spoken many words and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none.”





CLARA LIPMAN, "THE GIRL FROM PARIS."

GRACE FILKINS, WHO IS TO REAPPEAR IN VAUDEVILLE.  
Copyright by J. Schloss.LILLIAN SWAIN, AS "O-LE-MOSA SAN," IN  
"THE GEEZER."SCENE FROM THE MUSICAL FARCE-COMEDY, "THE GIRL FROM PARIS," AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE.  
Photograph by Byron.

### Plays of the Week.

MESSRS. WEBER AND FIELDS have permanently popularized their cozy music-hall on Broadway by their consistent policy in maintaining what may be called a first-class legitimate vaudeville show. Mirth and music without vulgarity characterize the "olio" half of the programme, while the other half is devoted to theatrical travesty. "The Geezer," just ending a long and prosperous run, is a clever burlesque of "The Geisha," which is still drawing crowds to Daly's Theatre, next door. Two of the principal parts in "The Geezer" are played and sung by Lillian Swain and Charles J. Ross, who have pleased everybody as the Japanese tea-house girl and the English naval gallant, respectively.

The vaudeville stage, with its varied opportunities and quick rewards, is attracting more and more of the best talent in the dramatic and musical professions. Miss Grace Filkins may be regarded rather as a returning favorite than as a new acquisition, though of late both her beauty and her talent have found notable appreciation in important rôles on the regular boards.

Allusion was made last week to Shakespearean revivals, notably that of "Cymbeline," and pictures were given of Margaret Mather and Julia Marlowe in the part of *Imogen*. With those pictures it will be interesting to compare the one shown herewith, of Ellen Terry as the same poetic heroine.

The scene photographed on this page is from that gay extravaganza current at the Herald Square Theatre, called "The Girl from Paris." This piece has passed its "one hundredth and souvenir night," and keeps right on. As Clara Lipman remarks in the course of the hilarious proceedings, "It is to laugh!"



CHARLES J. ROSS IN "THE GEEZER."

ELLEN TERRY AS "IMOGEN," IN HENRY IRVING'S  
LONDON PRODUCTION OF "CYMBELINE."

### THE THEATRES.



### A Siberian City.

THERE is probably no country in the world of which the generality of the English-speaking people are so ignorant as Siberia. The very word conveys to the mind visions of frozen steppes and lonely pine forests, with nothing to break the monotony of the white and dreary landscape but an occasional gang of prisoners or pack of wolves. Many asked, on my return to America from Siberia, if I had not suffered terribly from the cold, and seemed quite surprised to learn that the Siberian climate is, in summer, often too warm to be pleasant; that the country itself is, in many parts, one of the most fertile and beautiful in the world.

If asked which place I should prefer, Krasnoyarsk or New York to pass the summer in, I should, without hesitation, give the preference to this picturesque Siberian city, with its bright blue sky and temperate, exhilarating atmosphere.

Siberia, immense as it is, has only seventeen towns with a population of more than five thousand inhabitants, and of these large towns, Krasnoyarsk, with a population of twenty-five thousand, is a fair specimen. The situation of Krasnoyarsk at the present terminus of the Trans Siberian Railway, and at its junction with the greatest of the Siberian water-ways—the Yenesei River—will soon make it one of the most important, as it is to-day one of the most picturesquely situated, of the cities in Siberia.

Like most Siberian towns, its buildings are a strange mixture of squalor and grandeur. Wooden hovels here, stuccoed palaces there; wooden pavements, electric lights, open drains by the roadway, deep mud in rainy weather, blinding dust in dry—such are its salient features. The streets, though wide and regular, give one the idea of being continually up for repair. One looks instinctively for the "No Thoroughfare" board. Although so much care is lavished on the architecture and decoration of buildings, the streets are apparently left to look after themselves. The Grand Rue, or main street, a thoroughfare nearly a mile long, would not, however, disgrace a European city, so far as buildings are concerned. It is the only street whence the old wooden dwellings have disappeared, to give place to fine, well-built houses and government offices. On this street also are situated two large institutions of learning, one for boys and one for girls, which in size and equipment are second only to the great university at Tomsk.

For one thing especially is Krasnoyarsk famous: its fire brigade. There are at least thirty watch-towers in the town for the discovery of fires, and their stations and hand-engines are remarkably clean and systematic.

But Krasnoyarsk is, perhaps, most distinguished by the large predominance of the criminal element in its population.

In Siberia as a whole, where a great part of the population—I mean of the lower middle-class and working orders—is composed of criminal exiles, it may readily be imagined that there exists a peculiar state of social opinion, which is positively amusing at times. If a man conducts himself well and is liked, it matters not a straw that he be an exiled "gentleman criminal" doing his time, for he is received almost everywhere, and one need not be ashamed to be seen associated with him. They are always spoken of as "unfortunates," and perhaps they are called so simply because they were found out and sent here.

THOMAS G. ALLEN.



MILITARY QUARTERS.



HOUSE AND STORE OF MICHOLEYEFF, KRASNOYARSK.  
ONE OF THE FINEST BUSINESS HOUSES.



ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES IN TOMSK.



WESTERN VIEW OF KRASNOYARSK.



AWAITING ARRIVAL OF YENESEI STEAMBOAT AT MINUSINSK.

### IN SIBERIA. II.—CITIES OF THIS NEW WORLD.

Copyright, 1897, by Leslie's Weekly.



# THE PERIPATETIC HAZARD.

By W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

To speak in the same breath of Miss Louie Trevor and a hazard at golf would seem to be a co-ordination of two very opposite ideas, for Miss Trevor was in all respects a very charming young woman, while there is nothing in the range of vituperation that may not be legitimately applied to a hazard, be it cuppy lie, casual water, or diabolical sand bunker. And yet there was a figurative sense under which Miss Trevor might properly have been classed among the difficulties of the course. It is bad enough to play before a "gallery" at any time, but when that critical assemblage numbers within itself the one per-



"TALFOURD JONES!" HE MUTTERED, DISCONTENTEDLY.

son in the world whose good opinion is worth having, and whose approving smile far outweighs the value of any trumpery medal, why, then the strain may become superhuman; at any rate, Bob Challis used to find it so. And he was not the kind of person to be lightly moved by extraneous influences, seeing that he weighed one hundred and seventy pounds and was blessed with a perfect nervous system. It was true, again, that Bob had been in love with Louie Trevor going on now four years, and was very uncertain as to his ultimate chances of success; but green committees are not accustomed to take difficulties of this nature into account, and the title of this veracious narrative can therefore only be justified by the presentment of the facts in the case. Now, these details are set down succinctly in the minutes of the recording secretary of the club, but that gentleman being of a totally unimaginative turn of mind, the bare recital of what occurred by no means tells the story of how Miss Trevor became for the nonce an official hazard of the Marion County golf course. But there was a story there, as the sympathizing lookers-on knew very well, and since it has already been told time and again over the tea-cups on the west piazza, there can be no objection to setting it down in orderly fashion for the edification of all true lovers, and to the eternal discomfiture of Talfourd Jones and his kind.

It was a bright September morning, and as Mr. Robert Challis entered the common room of the Marion County Golf Club he was conscious of an exhilaration of spirit quite in keeping with the favorable weather conditions. And the coincidence was not surprising, seeing that he was only five-and-twenty, was in love for the first time in his life, and had just done the long course in eighty-two—three strokes below the amateur record. Alas! that such perfect happiness should be so evanescent; its overflowing completeness was but an evidence of its mortal and transitory nature. Upon the bulletin-board had been posted a list of candidates for membership, and he walked over to look at it. One name caught his eye.

"Talfourd Jones!" he muttered, discontentedly; "what the deuce does that mean? I thought he was out West somewhere and clear of Lauriston for good. Hang it all! he said so, didn't he? It's a beastly shame that a man shouldn't know his own mind. I'd like to know just what Mr. Talfourd Jones is up to now, 'pon my word I would."

But the bulletin-board had no further information to impart regarding Mr. Jones and his plans for the future, and Challis was obliged to betake himself to the smoking-room, where he sat down over a "Scotch-and-soda" to consider the situation.

Now, no one can be expected to have a sincere liking for the man who does everything, from mumble-the-peg up to steeple-chasing, just a shade better than yourself. Jones was one of those infernally clever fellows who excel without apparent effort in any department of manual skill, and Bob had played second fiddle to him for more years than he cared to remember.

But even apart from that, there was Louie Trevor. Now, their respective relations with that charming young woman had always been somewhat ill defined, and Miss Trevor had never shown the smallest inclination to arrive at a more definite understanding. As a matter of fact, and if actions mean anything, she rather preferred to aggravate the uncertainty. Finally Jones had left town, but even then Challis felt that he was still being kept at arm's-length. It really seemed as though Jones had played a winning card by going away; at any rate,

his shadowy personality continued to be a disturbing factor in the sentimental equation that Bob was so anxious to work out. And here he was back again in Lauriston.

But there was still another complication.

When golf was first introduced at Lauriston, Bob Challis tried the game and ran the usual gamut of sarcastic skepticism, amused tolerance, and frantic infatuation. As a matter of fact, he took to golf very readily and soon became one of the club's leading players. It was freely acknowledged that he stood an excellent chance of coming out club champion in the tournament which was to be held in October, and there was one particular reason which impelled him to strain every nerve in order to win that coveted distinction. Louie Trevor was also a golfer, and she took a profound and absorbing interest in the game and in everything pertaining to it. Not that she played well herself, for, indeed, she was a most indifferent performer. What did it profit, in the golfing sense, that in Miss Trevor's eye lay her chief claim to beauty? Soft, tender, and expressive as it was, it was absolutely impossible for her to keep it on the ball. And that exquisitely moulded hand was nevertheless a most fatally incompetent weapon for the wielding of an iron. To see Miss Trevor play golf was a most bewitching and yet withal a most sorrowful spectacle. *C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas le golf.*

It is human nature that we particularly admire in others the qualities that we know to be wanting in ourselves. Miss Trevor was wildly enthusiastic over Bob Challis—as a golfer. He could not deceive himself as to the character of her flattering interest in his play. It was too clearly impersonal. And yet anything was better than absolute indifference; her undisguised admiration for his golfing prowess might perhaps in time grow into something warmer. At any rate, she expected him to win the Hong-Kong medal at the coming tournament, and had heavily backed him in six-button gloves. Yes, he must, he would, win; everything depended upon his success. To win! and there was



"HE SAT DOWN OVER A 'SCOTCH-AND-SODA' TO CONSIDER THE SITUATION."

the name of Talfourd Jones upon the list of candidates for membership.

It is a tolerably well-established fact that the worst ills of life are those that we encounter in anticipation. To Challis's unbounded surprise, Jones did not seem to take any interest in golf, although elected in due course to all the privileges of the club. And indifference is a much safer attitude than open hostility or compassionate contempt, as Bob knew very well. Jones simply didn't care to play golf, and he certainly knew nothing about the game. He spoke of the clubs as "sticks," pronounced *put* as though it rhymed with foot, and appeared wholly unable to grapple with the arithmetical subtleties of "one off three" or "four down." He was a duffer, pure and simple.

Now, it was a moral certainty that he would catch the disease in time, but if the inevitable could be staved off for a week or two longer there was no fear of his looming up as a possible rival for the Hong-Kong medal. But how to go about it?

As we all know, in these days of scientific germ theories, there is no surer way of protecting a man against disease than by systematically inoculating him with its attenuated virus. Behold the inspiration! Bob Challis resolved to make Jones golf-proof. He would talk and preach golf at him until Jones should come to loathe its very name. It should be golf, golf, golf, until the unhappy man should be driven to the awful extremity of golficide,—if there be any such surcease for sorrow in the world of creak and niblick. The treatment should be kept up until Bob had won those gloves for Louie Trevor, and with them the little hand for which they were designed. Miss Trevor, in her feminine capacity, was an inscrutable mystery, but even the strongest chain may have its weak links, and in this case they were golf-links. All of which goes to show that love may sharpen a man's wits, even though it temporarily takes some yards off his driving.

Bob Challis put this ingenious plan of action into immediate execution, and at the end of a week he noticed that Jones was beginning to avoid him. Plainly he was bored by Bob's continual talk of the "shop." This was encouraging, and a day or

two after he waylaid Jones and compelled him to take part in a "mixed foursome," a refined mode of torture which might properly come under the head of cruel and unusual forms of punishment. Bob followed up this assault by getting Jones into a corner of the piazza and reading to him from the Badminton volume on golf for two mortal hours. Finally, Jones seized his hat and broke away, under pretense of an engagement in town. For three days he did not come near the club, and little by little he took to staying away altogether. Bob felt that victory was almost within his grasp.

It was the Wednesday before the tournament, and the last day upon which entries might be made. As Challis scanned the list posted upon the bulletin he had a comfortable feeling that no one was likely to press him very hard. It was another source of satisfaction that Louie Trevor had just returned from Lenox; he was to meet her at eleven o'clock for a round over the short course. He might as well have a pipe while he was waiting, so he walked into the smoking-room, where he found Jones yawning over a morning paper. Somehow his presence gave Challis a disagreeable shock, but, after all, there was no occasion for alarm. So he greeted Jones cheerfully and challenged him to a point-to-point putting contest. Jones politely but firmly declined, and Bob thereupon followed him out on the piazza and began a dissertation upon the merits of a certain patent in driving cleeks. Jones looked bored, and finally said as much. Bob refused to be shaken off, and droned steadily along on the advantages of a "centred" face in keeping the ball straight. He noted with satisfaction that his victim was stealthily reaching for his hat, and proceeded to quote from the authorities.

"I say," broke in Jones, suddenly, "who is that remarkably pretty girl standing at the home hole? I don't remember having seen her here before."

It was Louie Trevor, of course, and Bob reluctantly admitted as much.

"Well," continued Jones, critically, "the ugly duckling has certainly become a swan. *That* Louie Trevor! I believe I'll just stroll over and renew the acquaintance. Eh! What's that? You want me to go and see you try a new driver? Oh, you be hanged, and your *gouf*, too." And Mr. Jones rudely turned his back and strode jauntily away to where Miss Trevor was standing.

Bob tried to follow, but the visible world was spinning about him and he had to clutch at the piazza-railling for support. In an instant he had realized the situation, made terribly plain in those few careless parting words. That significant pronunciation, *gouf*; he knew too well all that it implied. Most of the Marion County members called it *golf*, with a decided leaning on the *l*, and there was a small minority who prided themselves on saying *goff*. But no one ever said *gouf*, a Scotticism that as yet had not ventured south of the Tweed. Could it be possible that Jones was not the duffer that he seemed? And the world spun round again.

A voice at his elbow made him start. Jones was standing at his side and looking particularly animated and cheerful.

"By Jove!" said the perjured one, "but that little Miss Trevor is a ripper, and she's stark mad about the *gouf*. I rather think, old man, that we'll have to have a set-to for the *kudos* of the thing, though I haven't played since I won the May medal at St. Andrew's."

"St. Andrew's at Yonkers?" inquired Challis, in a dull, dead voice.

"No; Scotland. I learned the game there three years ago. Ha, ha! No wonder you couldn't teach me your swing." And the hypocritical villain walked up to the bulletin-board and wrote in bold characters the name of Talfourd Jones upon the



"INSTINCTIVELY SHE PUT OUT HER HANDS."

tournament list, ending the scrawl with an insufferable flourish.

Now, there are men among men, and after the first shock was over Bob set his teeth hard and proceeded to look the situation squarely in the face. Of course he would play, and play his best to win, but so far as Louie Trevor was concerned he must now take his chances as a man and not as a golfer. He would not even condescend to expose Jones's treachery, although by so doing he might score a point. And after all, golf, despite its undoubted merits as an outdoor sport, was not necessarily a lasting bond of union or a sure basis of conjugal happiness. Supposing that Louie Trevor actually married him on the strength of his game, might she not have reason to regret her action if he chanced to go off in his driving; there was even the possibility of his becoming permanently disabled. What if he lost an arm in a railway smash-up? No! a thousand times no! He would win her if he could, but it should be his heart



and not the Hong-Kong medal that he would offer for her acceptance. As for the latter, let the best man take it.

There being a large field of entries, the tournament for the medal was started on Thursday, with the idea that the finals should take place on Saturday afternoon. By the chance of the drawing it fell out that Jones and Challis were in separate divisions, and, as luck would have it, the former was paired with all the incorrigible duffers in the club. Challis won his first and second rounds by steady work, and succeeded in pulling off his semi-finals by defeating Egerton, the club captain, in a brilliantly played match. Jones still refused to show his hand, and

"That Mr. Challis must play the ball out of Miss Trevor's hands or lose the match," said Mr. Jones, calmly.

There was another buzz from the "gallery" quite impossible to set down in type, since no printer's case could possibly stand the strain upon the box containing the exclamation points. Of course Jones's motive in making the point was perfectly clear. If the strict wording of the rule was adhered to Bob would have to make a pretense at a stroke to get the ball from Miss Trevor's hand to the ground. That would count as his third shot and would leave his ball still sixty yards short of the green, while his adversary's lay dead at the hole. There was not one chance in ten thousand that Bob, in playing the "like," could hole out and so halve the match, and to win it was of course impossible.

"Refer it to the green committee," suggested Egerton, the captain of the club.

The referee looked relieved and Bob was about to assent to this reasonable proposition, when he again caught Miss Trevor's eye, and to his amazement it expressed a decided negative.

"Well, Mr. Challis?" said the referee, and this time Miss Trevor distinctly shook her head.

"I'll waive my right of appeal," said Bob, firmly.

Miss Trevor smiled approvingly, and so did Jones.

"Then the ball must be played as the rules provide, Mr. Challis having declined to appeal. Is that clearly understood?"

Both Jones and Challis nodded and the referee ordered play. Bob stepped forward, but already Miss Trevor had turned and was calmly walking away in the direction of the eighteenth putting-green.

"Hey, there!" shouted Jones, forgetting his manners in his surprise. "I mean, I beg your pardon, but you mustn't do that."

Miss Trevor stopped and looked at him coolly. "Mustn't do what?"

"Why, you're carrying the ball away with you, and it's in a hazard."

"Precisely; and it is still there," said Miss Trevor, opening her hand and showing the ball lying snugly in its pretty, pink palm.

"But you're the hazard yourself," contended Mr. Jones, angrily; "officially declared and accepted as such by both parties to the match. You must obey the rules of the game."

"I don't know of anything in the rules, Mr. Jones, providing for the personal behavior of the hazards, so long as they keep safely what is intrusted to their care. I happen to be a peripatetic hazard, and I shall go where I please." And thereupon Miss Trevor walked on toward the hole.

"I protest," said Jones, wildly. "I appeal to the green committee."

"You both waived your right to appeal the case," said the referee, firmly, "and I must now stick to the strict interpretation of the rules. To interfere with a hazard would be a distinct violation of fundamental principles. The only thing we can do is to follow Miss Trevor until she stops and thereby allows the ball to be played."

Wondering and silent, the players and "gallery" moved rapidly forward to the home putting-green, where Miss Trevor was standing close to the hole.

"Take out the flag," said the referee, and it was done. "Now, Mr. Challis."

"One moment, please," said Miss Trevor, stooping down and holding the ball daintily in her fingers and directly over the hole. And then the crowd understood at last, and an irrepressible cheer went up that fairly straightened out the flags.



"HOLDING THE BALL DAINTILY IN HER FINGERS AND DIRECTLY OVER THE HOLE."

won his games by narrow margins, thereby leading the spectators to believe that he would be an easy mark for Challis in the finals. There was no particular reason for these underhand manoeuvres, unless the tortuous mind of Mr. Jones considered that his final triumph would be thereby rendered more brilliant and spectacular. Bob may have understood, but he made no sign.

Greatly to the surprise of all, the final match turned out to be a very even fight. Bob was playing the game of his life, and it was such good golf that Jones had some difficulty in keeping up with the pace. At the finish of the first round of eighteen holes Challis was one up, and the graduate of St. Andrew's was beginning to look anxious. The "gallery" wondered and applauded, and Miss Trevor was quite beside herself with excitement. It was a ding-dong battle for the next nine holes, and when the contestants started on the last quarter the game was square. Of the next eight holes both men won three, the remaining two being halved, and the score was still even. Challis had the honor at the thirty-sixth hole, and he drove a beautiful low ball that left him in a good position some sixty yards short of the hole. Jones topped his ball on the drive, but, recovering his nerve, made a fine brassie shot that sent his ball flying far and sure. It fell just behind Bob's ball, and Jones was obliged to play "two more," the third stroke laying him dead at the hole. He was sure to be down in four, while Bob was sixty yards away with two strokes to spare. The ball was lying fair, and Bob, taking his "iron," looked up to measure the distance. Now it was all against the rules, but Louie Trevor had somehow managed to elude the vigilance of the rope holder, and was standing a little to his right and some ten yards ahead of the ball. Bob saw her as he looked up, and for a moment a mist seemed to fill his eyes and his pulse bounded wildly. He felt a jangle at his nerves that up to this time had been steady as a rock, but already the club-head had swung back for the stroke. Down came the flashing iron with an in-drawing cut, and the ball, sliced beyond repair, rose into the air with a gentle curve directly toward Miss Trevor. Instinctively she put out her hands and, *mirabile dictu*, the ball settled quietly in them. Incredible, perhaps, but these are the minutes of the recording secretary,—a miracle, if you please,—but remember that Louie Trevor was an angel.

There was a buzz of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" a babel of exclamations and surprised remonstrances, but Miss Trevor stood motionless as a graven image, with the ball still in her hand.

"Put it down!" "It's a rub of the green!" "It can't be played at all!" "He loses stroke and distance!" arose in contradictory clamor about the ears of the unfortunate referee, and still Miss Trevor, with white cheeks and close-pursed lips, held the unlucky ball. And then, moved by some inexplicable influence, everybody stopped short and waited for the referee to speak. But it was Talfourd Jones who broke the silence. He spoke coolly and distinctly:

"I think, Mr. Referee, that the question can only be settled under the St. Andrew's rules for match play, and according to number twenty two:

"Whatever happens by accident to a ball in motion, such as its being deflected or stopped by any agency outside of the match . . . is a 'rub of the green,' and the ball shall be played from *where it lies*."

"And also number twenty-nine:

"A ball must be played *wherever it lies* or the hole be given up."

The referee looked puzzled.

"And that means?"



"THE STARS WERE JUST BEGINNING TO COME OUT."

"Where is Mr. Jones?" asked the referee; but that gentleman had effaced himself. "Play three, Mr. Challis," he continued. Bob touched the ball lightly with his niblick and it dropped into the cup.

"Down in three," announced the referee, calmly. "Mr. Challis wins the match and medal by one up."

There was another outburst of cheers and congratulations, and then somehow the crowd melted discreetly away and Bob and Miss Trevor were left standing alone on the field of triumph.

The stars were just beginning to come out as they walked slowly back to the club-house. The evening air was so quiet and still that it startled them when, from the distance, came a confused noise of crashing iron and splintering wood. Bob looked at Miss Trevor inquiringly.

"I rather think," returned that astute young person, demurely, "that it must be Mr. Jones breaking up his clubs."

And so it was.

## Winner of the Chanler Prize.

In 1890 Mr. John Anderson Chanler established an art scholarship quite unusually liberal in its terms. The endowment

yields nine hundred dollars a year, and it is given every fifth year, and therefore lasts for five years. It is open to American students of art over twenty-one years old, and the successful competitor receives nine hundred dollars a year for five years. The competition is decided by a committee composed of the presidents of the great national art organizations, such as the National Academy, the Society of American artists,



MR. LAWTON S. PARKER.

the Metropolitan Museum, and so on, and each candidate must submit three works—a drawing from the nude, a composition, and a portrait. As this indicates, the competitors are expected to be quite advanced students, and, indeed, a mere beginner would have no chance whatever. The winner is expected to study abroad for five years, and, wisely and fortunately, he is



MR. PARKER'S PRIZE PORTRAIT.

not restricted by a whole lot of hampering conditions. He must send back two drawings within the first two years, and during the fifth year he must send a copy of an old master. This is very different from the usual thing, where the successful winner of a scholarship is kept in a kind of bondage through the whole of its continuance.

The second award of this competition has just been made, and it is a pleasure to record the fact that the winner is a young man of uncommon gifts and with a zeal for his work which gives promise of great things. His name is Lawton S. Parker and he hails from Chicago, though for several years he has been studying in Paris and New York. In the French capital he was a student at the Beaux Arts and also at Julien's celebrated atelier; in New York he has worked under Mowbray, and more recently in the school of William M. Chase, a school which bids fair to be in America what Julien's is in Europe. We present a portrait of Mr. Parker, who will sail for the other side very soon to begin his work in Paris. We also reproduce the portrait-study that was submitted by him in the competition for this Paris prize.

## Paul Jobert's Mother-in-law.

THE recent exhibition in New York of Paul Jobert's paintings was due to his promise to his American wife to "take her home to mother every year." Those who had the pleasure of meeting the young French artist found him an exceedingly interesting man—tall, straight, blonde, just turned thirty, and looking far more like the German kaiser than like a Frenchman. He is painter for the French ministry of marine, and one of his canvases has a place of honor in the Versailles galleries. But the painting which he regards as his *chef-d'œuvre* is, curiously, lost in Russia, where it was sent to the late czar just before his death. It disappeared in the confusion of the change of régime, and has not since come to light.





### THE CARNIVAL IN NEW YORK—THE GREAT ARION BALL.

OUR GERMAN-AMERICANS HAVE AS GREAT A CAPACITY FOR ENJOYMENT AS ANY OTHER PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY, AND WHEN THEY CELEBRATE THEY DO IT IN A WHOLE- SOULED FASHION WHICH IS PLEASANT TO WITNESS AND TO CONTEMPLATE.—[SEE PAGE 124.]

Copyright, 1897, by Leslie's Weekly.



## Mr. Depew for St. James's.

THE press dispatches and the political wiseacres assure us now and again that in the construction of his Cabinet Major McKinley has been embarrassed by the Republican factional differences in New York, and has, therefore, found it well-nigh impossible to secure a representative of the Empire State at once agreeable to him and acceptable to the Republican leaders. There may be something in this, and if so no one can blame Major McKinley, when selecting his chief advisers, for passing by the most important State in the Union.

But New York cannot be entirely ignored, even in making the appointments that are national and in no sense local. For one of these great appointments there is an almost universal desire among the Republicans—shared in great measure by citi-

men in the country; as an orator, if he do not stand first he surely stands second to none. He seems to us to have every qualification for the post which the citizens of his State desire that he shall have. The men who have represented this country at the Court of St. James's Palace have been the best this country could produce, and from John Jay to Thomas F. Bayard the position has always been held by patriotic men who have added by their example to the esteem which the American character always deserved. But none of them has sailed from home with a better equipment than Mr. Depew would take with him. He knows his own country and people; he knows the people with whom he would dwell; but, better than all, he knows human nature; he is acquainted with both the pleasant and the devious way of man.

At the Albany centennial celebration, on the 6th of January last, Mr. Depew delivered one of those eloquent and patriotic discourses which will stand permanently in our literature as among the truest expressions of the spirit of this commonwealth and this nation. Perhaps the most striking passage in this speech was the following characterization of the American citizen,—a characterization which, though far from its original intention, we may apply to none more appropriately than to the speaker himself: "The true American is cosmopolitan. He breathes the air of a continent ruled by the flag of his country; he lives under institutions which give the largest liberty and the greatest opportunity for individual effort. He is in touch with the most marvelous material development of any age or any country, and is carried upon the car of progress at a speed which fires the brain, makes sentient the nerves, and gives new impulse to the blood. He cannot help being patriotic and proud, but the sources of his patriotism are so sure and the reasons for his pride so sound that he can be liberal, just, and charitable to all nations, races, and tongues. His sympathy is quick and outspoken for people under other forms of government who are seeking equality before the law and struggling for civil or religious liberty. He will give moral support and assist to the limit of personal or national safety those who are in rebellion against tyranny and oppression. Antiquity has for him precious lessons, and he studies with keen appreciation, pleasure, and admiration the art and literature, the architecture and monuments, the heroes and historic fields of the Old World. But the superiority of other lands, in some features of civilization, only intensifies his love for his own country. As his vision broadens he sees more clearly that we are 'the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time,' in the larger share of freedom and happiness enjoyed by the people of the United States."

J. G. S.

## The New President of the Pennsylvania Railway.

IN many respects the successor of the late George B. Roberts in the presidency of the Pennsylvania Railway Company, Frank Thomson, is as unlike that great intellect who so long was the chief executive of that system as it is possible for two men to be; but in character and in the commanding life purpose they differed not at all. The temperament of the two men, some of their tastes, their appreciation of the gentler and lighter joys of life, were, after all, only superficial distinctions. Roberts, reserved, sometimes as it seemed almost eccentric in his choice of a lonely private life, dominated wholly by his great responsibilities, and, on the other hand, Thomson, companionable, joyous, with keen and hearty appreciation of those graces that give charm to social relations, with a true artistic eye and a capacity for that high enjoyment which comes from the gratification of genuine artistic impulse, did, in their customary relations with men, strongly suggest the widely differing temperament that was characteristic of them. President Roberts met fully that ideal conception of those who believe that a man of great responsibilities and vast power should always preserve a serious, intensely thoughtful manner, and ever seem to be conscious of the weight that was upon him. He did this, too, with a simple, unaffected, kindly way that was far removed from mock dignity or offensive self-consciousness.

President Thomson, on the other hand, has always carried his responsibilities with a suggestion of ease and utter unconsciousness that has made him conspicuous among the greater railway managers of his time; and yet those who have been in closest touch with him in all his administrations have never failed to recognize the power, the self-reliance, and the consummate tact and skill with which he has shown his abundant resources.

It is a difference in temperament. To the world Mr. Thomson appears the perfect man of the world, in the best sense of that term. Affairs not only of the railways, but also of life, interest him. The passions and ambitions and tendencies of politics are not to him, as to many men of vast business responsibilities, subjects of no importance, although he has refrained from taking any personal part in them except in times of great national peril. But whatever concerns men, in the larger and more important relations, he has never been indifferent to, but finds almost the philosopher's pleasure in discussing and understanding them. His keen appreciation of true humor is real evidence of an imaginative temperament, as is his fondness for works of art and for Nature herself, and in part explains how a

business life which for more than thirty years has been put at times to severe strain, and is always intensely occupied, finds him at fifty-six years on the threshold of vast executive power, in the vigorous health of early manhood, and with intellect without one sluggish tendency, and responding with the energy that is too often limited to the ambition of youthful years.

The fact that Mr. Thomson has by successive promotions from an humble post reached the presidency of the Pennsylvania system does not especially distinguish him. His predecessor began as a rodman, and the genius of Thomas A. Scott gave its first hint in subordinate employment. President Tuttle, of the Boston and Maine, and the late President Rutter, of the New York Central, were station-agents and ticket-sellers when they began. There is no royal road to railway presidencies. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the younger, was trained to financial management, beginning upon a clerk's stool in a New York bank, on a yearly salary less than his hourly income now, and his father, William H. Vanderbilt, drudged for years with a little railway nine miles long before he was taken into large responsibilities.

Mr. Thomson has earned his promotion, as others have, by merit. No great railway corporation would dare to commit power to one who had not by long training and test shown himself capable. But it is the manner in which his great abilities were displayed that have made him especially conspicuous; perhaps combined too with a certain personal charm which springs not so much from intellect as from temperament.

It was during his service under Mr. Scott, who, as Assistant Secretary of War, was in control of the department of transportation of troops and supplies, that Mr. Thomson's accurate intuitive judgment, and his often marvelous celerity of execution, had their first opportunity; and it is in this very quality of intuition, that seems kin to the inspiration of genius, that Mr. Thomson has stood conspicuous above others in the development of the gigantic railway civilization of the last half of this century.

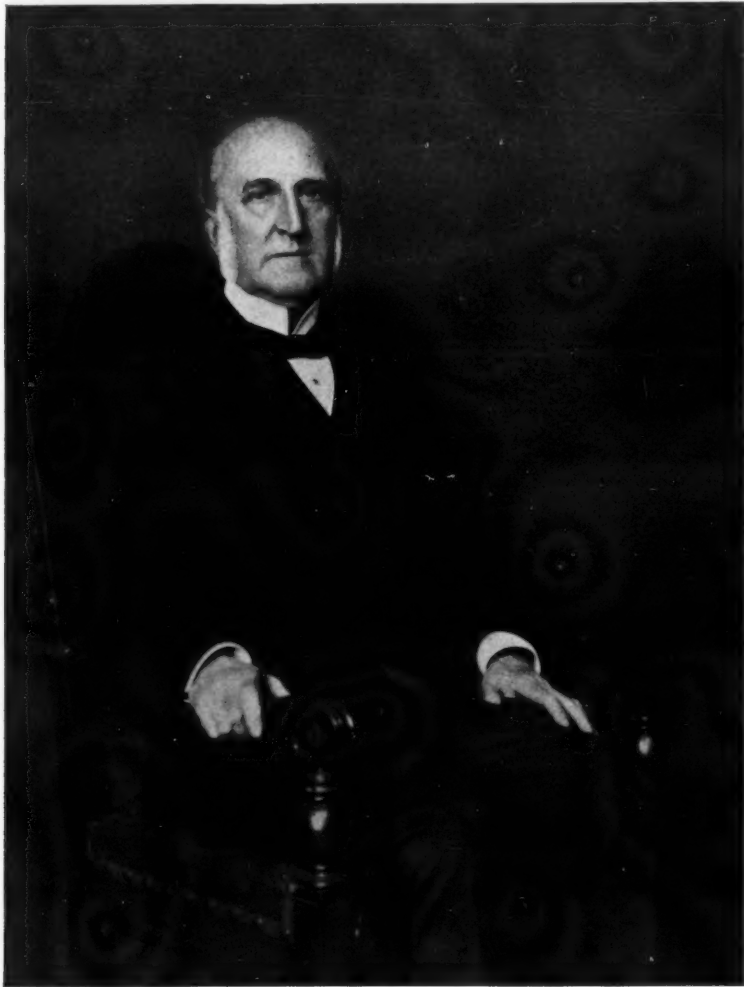
Others older than he—Mr. Scott, in Pennsylvania, and Commodore Vanderbilt, in New York—had discovered and were obeying the fundamental law upon which success in part depends, and which commands consolidation into one system of connecting lines upon the same parallels of latitude or longitude, while by other minds than his the difficult financial problems entailed by creating or developing railway systems were being solved, although not always obeyed.

Mr. Thomson's inspiration was to show that a railway system, the visible organization, the thing itself, should be and could be made one perfect machine, every part of which was as accurately and perfectly adjusted in its relations to every other part and to the whole as are the various mechanisms of a watch. He called every resource of chemistry, metallurgy, engineering, and every science which is serviceable for human energy, even astronomy, to his aid. His chemists tested with the patience and precision of the medical laboratory every element that entered into any service. His geologists reported upon the qualities of the stone that could be best employed for road-bed or other construction. He brought medical science to his service that the defects, optical, muscular, or temperamental, of his employes might be discovered. He established the discipline of the army, freed from some of the greater severities of a soldier's life, so that from the easy, stage-coach or steamboat manners which characterized railway employes of an early day there came the efficient, and therefore truly economical and perfect service that made the Pennsylvania company conspicuous long before other railway companies saw that it was economy and the highest and best service for the company, as well as the most gratifying and satisfactory for the public, that this orderly and uniform discipline should be maintained.

Thus Mr. Thomson taught that practical railway management in all that relates to the road-bed and the hauling of cars over them, and the comfort and security of the passengers who use the cars, could be reduced to an exact science, and that a railway system could be made as perfect, delicately adjusted and beautiful a machine as is the locomotive itself.

This has been Mr. Thomson's conspicuous achievement. It is by no means his only one. In the statesmanship and diplomacy of railway management—for some of the qualities which make the statesman or diplomatist have been and are essential for the successful direction of great railway interests—Mr. Thomson has been successfully and admirably tested. But in the public mind he is, perhaps, especially associated with the achievements which have peculiarly distinguished his service as a railway manager. To him, too, the public is indebted for the example, now so widely followed, which has almost made of railway operation an art as well as a science. The delightful appeals to the eye which come from every station on the Pennsylvania line, and from every approach to a station, are tributes to his understanding and appreciation of beautiful things. The same quality which makes it possible for Mr. Thomson to obtain enjoyment from a work of art, or from primitive nature in his vacation-days in the woods, inspired him to convert the often hideous, always unsightly, railway-station and surrounding grounds to the sightly spectacle of a rustic or Gothic villa, surrounded by a patch of carpet-like turf adorned with flowers. It was due to his inspiration, too, that the public was taught that the poetry of motion could be found in a railway-car as well as upon a gentle sea.

One of the qualities which Mr. Thomson possesses, and which is always spoken of with admiration by those who have been associated with him in railway management, is the capacity for doing great or difficult things with what seems to be an easy grace. If great problems perplex him there is no outward indication of it, and in the face of sudden embarrassment he stands apparently unruffled, undisturbed. It is a quality that some of the greater politicians have possessed, but is not a common one for business men who are burdened with weighty responsibilities. It has been said of Mr. Thomson that in his own career, and especially in his methods and personal characteristics, he suggests that orderly, graceful, perfectly harmonious system which so greatly distinguishes that powerful and colossal machine which the Pennsylvania Railway is. As there seems to be no strain in any of the operations of that system, so there is with Mr. Thomson's management only the sense of hidden power, always as gracefully, as it is surely and accurately, employed.



MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.  
Photograph by Hollinger & Rockey, 518 Fifth Avenue, New York.

zens of other parties—that a very distinguished man of affairs should be selected. This man is Chauncey M. Depew, and the post chosen for him by the popular desire is that of ambassador to Great Britain. Mr. Depew wears no scalps at his belt, he cherishes no animosities in his heart. These facts are so well known and the amiable humanness of him is so well understood that he is to-day the most popular man personally in the State of New York.

In the conduct of great affairs he has proved, during a long course of years, that he is a man of signal ability and infinite tact, while his probity has never been questioned by any human being. Some of the interests which he controls are well understood by the public, but of others little is known. As a matter of fact, Mr. Depew has been confided with the administration of greater private trusts than any other man in this country. For these delicate affairs he has been selected by reason of the three qualities just mentioned—patient ability and its hand-aid, amiable tact, together with an incorruptible integrity. Of his administration of the great railroad of which he is the chief executive officer the public knows more; but the public does not know what the subordinate officers and the humbler workmen know. They know that the busy president of the New York Central Railway is always accessible to any of them, and that he has proved a thousand times that he would permit no injustice or discrimination against any man who was zealous in the performance of his duty. To be best liked and most highly appreciated by those who know one closest is as high a tribute as a good man can ever earn.

There are some persons of abnormal solemnity who object to Mr. Depew because he looks with some gayety on life and has not suppressed his sense of humor. It was not so very long ago that other some were pleased to see danger and lack of dignity in the stories that Abraham Lincoln told to illustrate the points he made and at the same time mitigate the asperities of cruel responsibilities. But such solemn critics have long since been hushed as to Lincoln, and the caviling of their present-day kindred must not be considered against Depew. A sense of humor is the best gift a man can have, next to brains and a good digestion. Humor enables a man to see the happenings of life in their proper perspective. He is the last person to magnify the insignificant or to depreciate the important. Why, the ablest diplomat this country ever had was also her greatest humorist. Benjamin Franklin in France was as important a factor in the achievement of our liberty as any army corps in the field. To underrate the ability of a man because he has preserved some of the gayety of youth while acquiring the wisdom of age and skill of experience, is arrant nonsense. There is no lack of dignity in laughter even after sixty years.

As a business man and lawyer Mr. Depew is one of the ablest





S. J. MONTGOMERY, SECRETARY NATIONAL AMATEUR SKATING ASSOCIATION.



THE WONDERFUL BOY SKATER, ERNEST HIGGINS, OF ST. JOHN, N. B.



THE MISSES RUBENSTEIN AND MR. MONTGOMERY DOING THE BISHOP'S EIGHT.



VIEW OF TRACK, SHOWING THE SEPARATE LANES THE MEN SKATED IN.



THE PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR COMPETITORS OUT FOR PRACTICE.



THE WORLD'S PROFESSIONAL CHAMPION

J. NILSSON, MINNEAPOLIS.



THE MONTREAL A. A. A. RINK, WESTMOUNT. HERE THE RACES WERE HELD.



## "WORLD'S SPEED-SKATING"

THE NINTH ANNUAL RACE MEETING FOR AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS, HELD BY THE AMATEUR

Copyright, 1907, by Leslie's Weekly





PROFESSIONAL CHAMPION



THE EXPERTS DOING FAST WORK PRELIMINARY TO THE RACES.



MINNEAPOLIS.



WORLD'S AMATEUR CHAMPION, J. K. McCULLOCH, WINNIPEG, CANADA.



LOUIS RUBENSTEIN, HON. SECRETARY-TREASURER, A. S. A. C.



JULIUS SEYLER, DAVOS, SWITZERLAND.



OFFICERS AND OFFICIALS OF THE AMATEUR SKATING ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.



ALFRED NASS, CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY, STARTING IN THE 500-METRE RACE.

# SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS."

THE AMATEUR SKATING ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 121.]



## Pepys at the Masked Ball.

FEBRUARY 10th, 1897.—Lay long in bed to recover our rest agaynst the morrow, my wife and I holding ourselves bound to go fresh to the Masque. Then up and to my Taylor to revile the raskall who delighteth in keeping me on the rack for my masking clothes, but he with much ado blameth his buffle-head of a 'prentice, who at last fetcheth forth my jackanapes coate with silver buttons and ye slasht waste coate made of my sister's green petty coate of flowred satin with fine white and gimp lace, all very brave and fine, with my wigge, cocked hatte, belt and aggate hafted sword yet to come. So to the hairdresser wringing her hands and complayning bitterly how the demands for her to come to so many noble houses all at the same time, come nigh breaking her brains, poor wench, yet promiseth after a little while so I had soothed her with soft words, not to fayl us, and so home to fetch the good newes to my feathsome wife.

After the cloathes be comen home, and my wife had prinked her very pretty in her dress of green watered moyre, like unto that of her grandmother paynted in her father's hall, with powdered hair, and patches, forsooth, perched high upon her red-heeled pattens, we forth to our coach, I very mindful of my sword, lest the noble scabbard be bent or broken between my legges.

So to the house of Mr. Downing and his lady and there sat down to a tablefull of masquelyns, all very diverse and merry, some playing their parts and some not, and among them Ned Coudert, the French barrister's son, all black and solemne as a Popish abbot, and Squire Smalley, no less solemne, though in gay apparrell. A noble dinner most neatly dressed. We had a fricasee of rabbits and chickens, a legge of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lambe, a dish of roasted pigeons, a lamprey pye (a most rare pye), a dish of lobster with anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty brave and to our greate contentment, untill the Squire, I knew not be it for jest or to be a marplot, fell to talke of Docter Rainsford, of St. George's chapell, and his sermon how that gentlefolk should avoyd emulation with masques and froliques in these troublous days when we see no content or satisfaction anywhere in any sort of people, and would have talked more of such tiresome talke, but we all rising to take coach, did leave him to follow in some confusion. Alighting near the great Waldorf hostelry, we out and into the landlord's own dwelling-house and there found all things meet for our coming, but tarried not, but passed thence through a privy passage way to the first upper story of the hostelry there to divest us of our wrappes and cloakes. And I marvelled much to behold so many fine costumes and sweet smelling flowres and posies, yet the serving men and maydes dressed in the grievous garb of these latter days, a spectacle that shamed me into remembrance how we shall be arrayed in like sorry fashion on the morrow.

My wife coming out of one of the dressing chambers, very pretty to behold with her many patches on chin and cheeks, and all Sir Downing's diners assembled we down the wynding steps to the shining ball room, while the lackeys did loudly announce our names and the names of them we portrayed.

There stood Mistress Martin arrayed in black velvet and red brocade as she had stepped from one of Sir Peter Lely's portrait ure with her husband standing by in a quaint costume like unto that of Henri III. the French King. Then did I glut mine eyes on many dazzling dresses of ladies and fine gentlemen, bewildering to behold, and knew but of few what was their guise but did comprehend at last many familiar figures. So much rich rayment did I never see, no not even at the great masque of ten years ago, all wonderfully blended in the greate quadrille d'honneur.

So to supper before I had half beheld all to be seen, my wife flushed pink from dancing; and after a proud noble supper, back to the ball room to see Elisha Dyer, the courtly dancer, lead the so called German dance, in which were to be seen our Queen of Revels, with Mistresses Fish, De Lanier, Bryce, Lisperard Stewart, and Spinster Gerry, followed by many Queen Besses, Queens of Scots, with other play Kings and queens, and famous payntings seemingly come to life.

Whilst I stood there, feasting mine eyes on such noble sights, a lady sneezed backward upon me, but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all.

So after some more dances with much frolique and jollity, at last away and to bed, but lay long awake discoursing of the many sights of the night and how many noses were thereby put out of joynt, I reckoning the cost thereof to be full hundred thousand pound sterling.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

## Guilbert on the Legitimate Drama.

YVETTE GUILBERT has decided to leave the music-hall stage and become an interpreter of what is known as "the legitimate." As a singer of ballads and songs of the day, Yvette Guilbert has met with greater success than any other artist in the same field. In six years her name has become known all over the world, and this phenomenal success—which assuredly rests upon real merit—has made her one of the wealthiest women of the stage. A few years ago she was earning ten dollars a month as model in a dressmaking establishment; to-day she is a millionaire, and the owner of one of the most beautiful residences in Paris.

She has long considered the step of going on the legitimate stage, and it was only timidity, natural enough, which has kept her from doing so. "I am a success on the music-hall stage," she said; "why tempt fortune in a field in which, possibly, I may not be so fortunate?" But now that she is a rich woman and has gathered all the laurels the music hall can offer her, she is ambitious to conquer other worlds. At its best, the café concert audience is not the most refined and intellectual that could be desired, and Mademoiselle Guilbert has often felt—particularly in America—that the fine art she puts into her songs often miscarried.

She has come to this discouraging realization more particularly through her tour in the Western States, where she did not draw well, and made comparatively little money. On the other hand, her contract with Messrs. Koster & Bial, in this city, made financial success here a glittering certainty, independently of what Mr. Moody and the public might think about her songs; and she regards New York audiences as the most

cultured in the world—barring, of course, those of Boston and of her *cher Paris*.

So she has made up her mind. She has still some music-hall contracts to fill, but six months of the year are her own and she has signed a contract with Dr. Schiller, who has managed Duse and Bernhardt in this country, to appear under his direction next year. Her repertoire is not quite decided upon, but it will include *Camille*, *Fedora*, and *Nora*.

Mademoiselle Guilbert sailed for Europe last Wednesday. Before she left she said to the writer:

"The next time the American public sees me it will probably be as *Marguerite Gauthier* (*Camille*). I do not yet know if I shall play the part in English or French. If I am persuaded that my English can pass muster I will play here in English and



YVETTE GUILBERT.  
Copyright by Pach.

have English-speaking actors to support me. If not, I shall play in French. I cannot talk now about my treatment of the parts I shall play, except to say that I shall endeavor to do with them what I have done with my songs—that is to say, make them absolutely faithful to life, absolutely natural. They say it takes a woman who has lived to be an actress. Well, I have lived. And the public may itself see how by reading the novel which the Judge Publishing Company will issue in a few days, for it tells the story of my own life. It is called 'The Eternal Enigma,' meaning, of course, woman, and I have written a preface for it."

And before the artist sailed she gave me a copy of this preface, which runs as follows:

"What a pity, says the author, that the romances in our lives cannot end as they do in books. The story that follows is a page from my own life, and it is precisely one of those real experiences which do not end as they do in books. It is the story of the heart, the story of a tender, affectionate soul, cruelly disillusionized by the coldness and indifference of a woman. But this woman felt grateful to the man who laid at her feet the great passion of his life because she was familiar with the struggles of existence, because she knew how rarely is found true sincerity of the heart and of the soul; and although she was never able to respond to his respectful and violent love, she consoled it as best she could with the soothing words of a mother who sings her first-born to sleep with a lullaby. Years have gone by since the occurrence of the episode related in these pages, but there has ever remained in my heart a feeling of gratitude toward him who at the best time of his life gave me the sunshine of his heart and the flower of his thoughts. By a stretch of poetic license the author has made me surrender myself entirely to him. The real truth is that I was never anything more than a friend from the beginning to the end, and that is why now we are still and shall always be good and excellent comrades, each grateful for the friendship given by the other."

"Love is such a noble sentiment that one should be proud at having inspired it in a being freed from all the trivialities and commonplace-ness of life."

A. H.

## The Great Speed-Skaters in Canada.

THE most notable meeting of speed skaters the world has ever seen occurred at Montreal, Canada, on Friday and Saturday afternoons, the 5th and 6th of February. It should be explained, however, that neither J. J. Eden, a flyer of Hamar, Norway, nor J. S. Johnson were there, but these were the only exceptions of any importance whatsoever.

The purpose of such a meeting was the settlement of the amateur and professional speed-skating championships of the world, and the fact that the competition was managed by the Amateur Skating Association of Canada made success a sure thing. To Louis Rubenstein, the honorary secretary-treasurer of the organization, much of the credit of so representative a gathering is due, he having shown that same push and determination in getting the great Nass and Seyler and Lordahl to cross the ocean, and the American cracks the border-line of the Dominion, as he did on that memorable occasion in 1890 when he alone journeyed to St. Petersburg, and in the world's fancy-skating competition, with eleven against him, demonstrated his ability to discount their work and return a champion head and shoulders the superior of all.

Certainly Montreal is the ideal place of combat of these steel-shod men, who, like the Homeric gods, "stride with winged feet over the sea transmuted into solid ground." The weather during the winter months is simply admirable and a guarantee of ice day in and day out; while the people—skaters all from infancy, used to competitions and well practiced in their fair conduct—are just the ones to handle a meeting which caters to thousands, land on account of which thousands make of it a holiday.

Yet, despite the fact that every one skates in Canada, and

from which the conclusion might justly be drawn that every one is a fine skater, and generally far greater skilled than those not so favored by freezing weather, such a conclusion is not warranted.

At the St. Nicholas Skating Club, of New York City, in the morning, the evening, any day, one may see women doing fancy work which Canada's best could not excel, while the general run of men and boys would show a knowledge of the art and a grace of body—the latter particularly—which is wanting to the Canadian.

It is a matter, however, of short observation to note the whys and the wherefores of this apparent backwardness, for while Americans put more energy into their practice in the hope of not only skating straight ahead but in beautiful curves, the Canadian—woman, man, and boy—seems to care not one jot for doing other than skating around and around the rink, straight-away and quite fast. But this is simply another proof of the saying that Americans go more heartily and in a business-like, thoughtful fashion into sport than people of any other nation.

The writer became much interested in this Canadian way of enjoying skating, and the question was asked when, during the races, it was apparent that American speed-skaters were far ahead of Canadian representatives: "Since it is your custom here to skate altogether straight ahead and fast, and not give time to the practice of fancy work, why is it that Canada has so very few speed-skaters of reputation?" But no one was able to furnish a good reason. It seemed, however, to the writer that it was the same old case of too little thought, perhaps ambition, to do other than put in a jolly day's skating.

Glancing over the card of the different skating events of this meeting of the world's best men, one Canadian only, J. K. McCulloch, of Winnipeg, is seen to have done more than passing well. It would really seem as though at such a time Canada would send enough champions to the meet to outnumber by dozens all the rest.

So far as the actual races were concerned, so much time has since elapsed that it seems too much of an old story to speak of them at length. Nilsson, the Minneapolis flyer, easily showed himself the star of the professional world, while Nass, the light-weight from Christiania, proved his claim to being the best amateur sprinter. In the longer distances McCulloch was better than Nass, who seemed unable to stay, once the first brilliant flight of speed was over.

The way in which the races were decided, however, is worthy of some attention. The usual way, of course, is to send all the men around together, and the first man over the finish-line wins the race.

It was determined, though, by the skating association to try this year the foreign method of sending the men off in pairs and having the fastest time win the race. It is quite safe to say, however, that the experiment will not be repeated. To be sure such a system is conducive to calling forth a man's best effort, and is effective in creating world's figures. It also makes loafing and a spurt at the finish impossible—all starting in a bunch and each waiting for the other to make the pace.

The skating pairs have separate courses, and the distance they go is made equal by their crossing from in to out and out to in every time they reach a place in the back-stretch minus certain blocks of wood, and at which place an official with a flag is stationed whose duty it is to apprise which skater has the right of way.

The lanes are each about three yards wide, and the home-stretch is a magnificent one of some three hundred and seventy-five feet. The ice in the lanes and the rink averages three inches in thickness.

In other seasons the fine ground inclosed by one of the finest cinder-paths in the world (this is just outside the ice-lanes) is used for lacrosse and foot-ball, and comprises the leading athletic field in Montreal.

Nilsson easily proved himself the fastest skater in the world, and, considering the calibre of his opponents, might be justly viewed as a wonder. Something concerning his physical being is therefore of interest and, in a way, valuable. His age, for instance, is 23; his weight, 136, and his height, in inches, 66.2. Other measurements and tests undergone by Nilsson in the interests of science are as follows:

	Inches.		Inches.
Height, sitting.....	36.	Girth of chest rib (expanded).....	36.
Breadth of neck.....	4.1	" waist.....	28.5
" shoulders.....	15.2	" hips.....	35.5
" chest.....	10.9	" right forearm.....	10.
" waist.....	9.7	" elbow.....	8.5
" hips.....	12.3	" upper arm.....	11.
Length right femur.....	18.7	" left ".....	10.8
" " tibia.....	16.4	" forearm.....	10.
" " foot.....	10.1	" right thigh.....	20.4
" left femur.....	18.4	" " knee.....	13.9
" " tibia.....	16.8	" " calf.....	13.
" " foot.....	10.1	" instep.....	9.
Depth of chest.....	8.7	" left thigh.....	20.3
" abdomen.....	7.6	" " knee.....	14.5
Girth of neck.....	14.	" " calf.....	13.3
" chest (natural).....	32.	" instep.....	9.
" (expanded).....	37.	Lung capacity, 290 cubic inches.	
" rib (contracted).....	31.5		

The publication of these figures by LESLIE'S WEEKLY was rendered possible through the courtesy of R. Tait McKenzie, who, by the way, has written and studied much on the anatomy of athletes in various branches of sport. In summing up the typical speed-skater, he says that this "type of athlete" has a short body, capacious round chest, with well-developed back. His thighs are strong, and very long, as are also his legs. His feet are large and flat. His calves are his weak point, due to the long, flat skate to which his flattened foot is so closely bound. The large muscles of his chest are not exercised, and his arms, held lying idly along his back, are unused except in an occasional spurt, when they are brought down and swung straight from the shoulder. They say that they catch less wind held that way and that the position is restful to the tense extensors of the back. This is no doubt true, but the result is disastrous to symmetrical development.

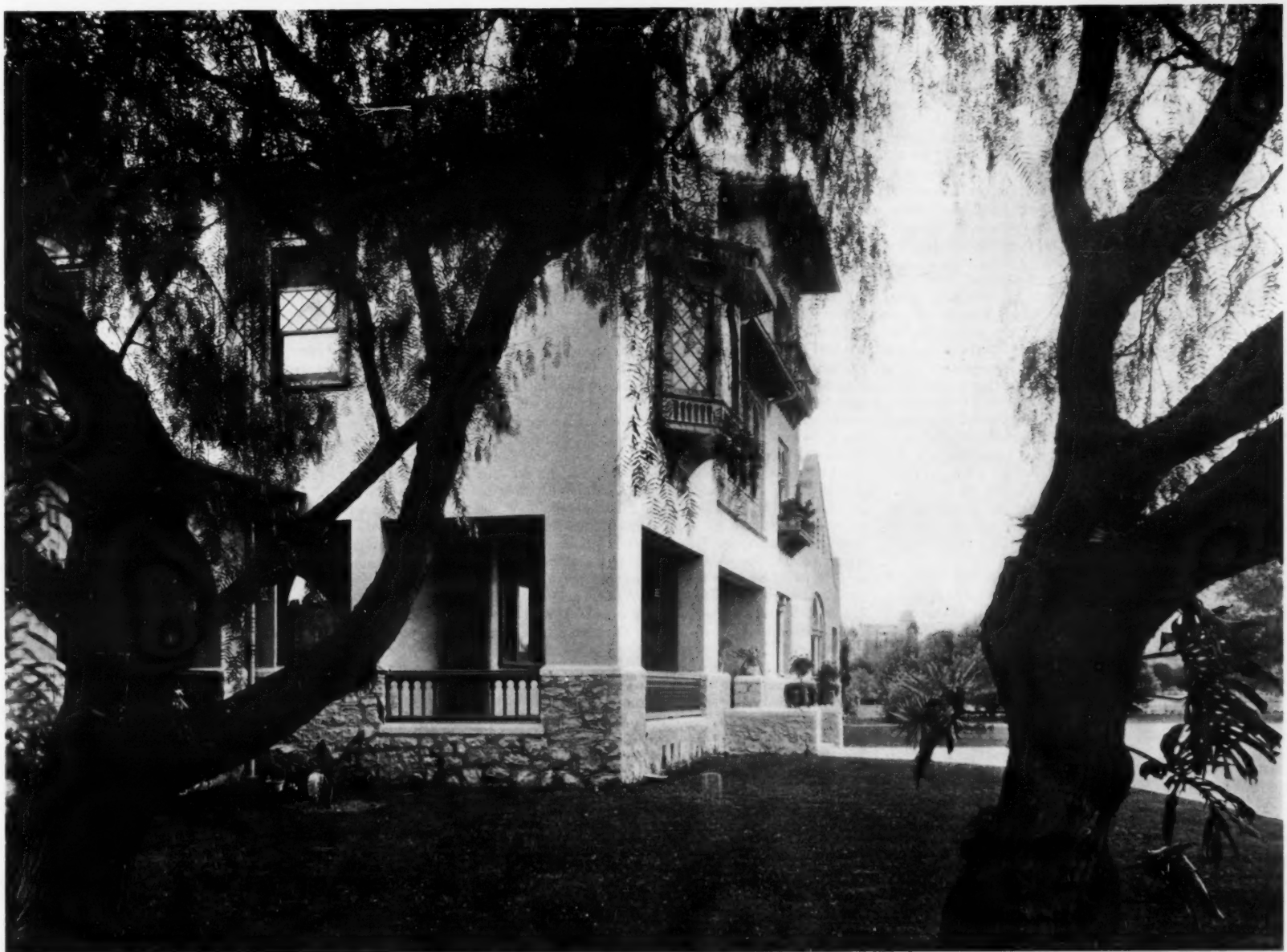
In conclusion, the doctor points the moral that if one desires an all-round, well-developed body, symmetrical, and the like, speed-skating must not be indulged to the exclusion of other exercises.

W. T. BULL.





FRONT VIEW OF MR. WILLIAM C. STUART'S RESIDENCE.



SIDE VIEW OF MR. WILLIAM C. STUART'S RESIDENCE.

IN PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

[SEE PAGE 127.]

Copyright, 1897, by Leslie's Weekly.



# A REMARKABLE RAILROAD.

THE FIRST LONGITUDINAL TRUNK-LINE IN THE UNITED STATES, WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.  
HOW IT WILL DIVERT THE COMMERCE OF NEW YORK TO THE GULF OF MEXICO.  
STARTLING CONDITIONS THAT NEW YORK MUST CONSIDER. INTERESTING  
FACTS ABOUT THE NEW KANSAS CITY, PITTSBURG AND GULF  
RAILROAD, AND PORT ARTHUR, THE NEW CITY  
ON THE GULF OF MEXICO.

(Special Correspondence of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.)

PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS, February 1st, 1897.

If the commerce of New York is to be preserved the business men of that city must bestir themselves. It is incredible that they are not informed as to the gravity of the situation. Here, for instance, is a railroad direct from Kansas City and costing over twenty million dollars, on the eve of reaching this magnificent new harbor on the Gulf of Mexico—a railroad whose board of directors includes such eminent and influential financiers as John Lowber Welsh and E. T. Stotesbury, of Philadelphia; A. A. Heckscher, of New York; and A. E. Stilwell, E. L. Martin, and W. S. Woods, of Kansas City. Delegations of business men from the West, Northwest, and South have already been here, and Chairman Hooker, of the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors, with a majority of his associate committeemen, has just inspected this port, which is shortly destined to play an important part in connection with our commerce. New York seemed oblivious to the menace of the situation. It remained for LESLIE'S WEEKLY to tell the facts regarding this stupendous and astonishing enterprise.

It is comforting to know that Congressman Hooker, though he comes from one of New York's interior counties, realizes that something must be done to save the commerce of New York from the constantly increasing competition of the deep-water ports on the South Atlantic and gulf coasts. Through his efforts mainly the last River and Harbor bill was made to include provision for a careful survey of the harbor of New York, with a view to increasing the depth of the channel to thirty-five feet, so that it could float larger ships than any other harbor in the country, and thus retain the commerce of which it has been so long the sole master, but which is now breaking away from it.

This rivalry between the East and the West has reached a point where the danger becomes acute and the possibilities serious. Boston is shipping more food products to Liverpool than is New York. Montreal continues to increase its shipments of flour from our Northwestern States, and St. John, New Brunswick, especially in winter, is the point of departure for an enormous and steadily enlarging freightage of American flour. Erie and Fairport, on Lake Erie, are intercepting freight from the Northwest and diverting it from New York to Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Chicago is as near to New Orleans as it is to New York, and when the Illinois Central Railroad takes Chicago freight to the wharves in New Orleans, where steamships wait to load it for European and South American ports, without the payment of New York's oppressive port charges, it is very likely that Chicago will forsake New York and patronize the gulf route. Five years ago only three Southern ports had direct lines of steamships to Europe, the freight from other Southern ports being left to such "tramp" vessels as might pick it up. Now, eleven Southern ports have regular lines to British and continental harbors, and most of them have cargoes engaged for all winter. Not only New Orleans and Newport News, Norfolk, Galveston, and Baltimore have their foreign steamship lines, but Charleston, Savannah, and Brunswick are all entering, or have entered, a field that formerly belonged almost exclusively to New York.

For twenty years the great producing States and Territories of the West and Northwest have been searching for deep-water harbors within easier reach than New York. The nearer the port to the shipper, the shorter the haul by rail and the higher the price of the product shipped. What are called the "Gould roads" cross Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and some other States on diagonal lines. The Illinois Central is the only great longitudinal trunk-line running through the West and terminating at a deep-water port. From Chicago to New Orleans it gathers its very profitable trade, and the startling growth of the commerce of New Orleans during the past few years bespeaks the result. Last year New Orleans ranked second among all the ports of the United States in its exports of corn, its shipments increasing from eight million seven hundred and fifty-six thousand bushels in 1895 to twenty-five million three hundred thousand in 1896; or six million bushels more than were shipped during the same period from New York.

From September last until the close of January nearly a million bales of cotton were shipped from Galveston, in addition to six million bushels of corn, two hundred and six thousand sacks of oil-cake, one million four hundred and forty-six thousand sacks of cotton-seed meal, twenty-eight thousand barrels of oil, and large quantities of copper, lead, lumber, lard, flour, honey, nuts, and fruits. Two hundred steamers carried these exports and landed them at leading foreign ports. A few years ago all of this freight would have found its outlet at New York. Texas alone raises two million bales of cotton a year, of which one-half is shipped from Houston and the remainder from Galveston and New Orleans. Port Arthur is right in line to take a great part of this trade.

St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, and St. Louis are from fifty to four hundred and fifty miles nearer Port Arthur, Houston, and Galveston than they are to New York. The gulf ports are taking the commerce of the great West because the haul to them by rail is shorter and the port charges are very little, or nothing at all; yet these gulf ports, excepting New Orleans, have no straight direct railway line to the North like that which is about to be opened from Kansas City to Port Arthur via the new Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad. It is time that attention should be called to the rapidly approaching completion of this new railway, the only one of consequence running through the heart of the Mississippi valley to a deep-water port on the gulf.

The new railroad project originated in the mind of a far-seeing native of New York, Mr. A. E. Stilwell. He was born in Rochester, and is the grandson of one of the prominent promoters of the Erie Canal and the Western Union Telegraph Company. Mr. Stilwell went from New York to Kansas City about ten years ago. He organized the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Trust Company, the most powerful financial institution in Kansas City, and one of which that city is especially proud, because, in spite of hard times and panics, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Trust Company has kept on accumulating its surplus and undivided profits until they have reached an aggregate almost as large as its capital stock, which is one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Stilwell's foresight, industry, and ability built up this successful institution, and that achievement, if it stood alone, would make him a man of mark in the financial world. He early foresaw that the time must come when the competition of the wheat-grower in India, South America, and Russia with the wheat-grower of the West would lower the price of grain, and that by force of circumstances the Western farmer would be compelled to seek lower rates for the transportation of his products in order to meet foreign competition. When prices were high the farmer was able to pay high freight rates, but when competition cut the prices of grain to the minimum he insisted upon lower freight rates.

Mr. Stilwell also early recognized that the only way by which the Western farmer could reduce his freight charges would be by reducing the distance of the haul to market, and that this could be done only by finding a port of shipment nearer to the producer than are the Atlantic ports. Thus he was led to closely scrutinize the advantages of the gulf ports, and a few years ago he began, with the aid of E. L. Martin, a prominent business man of Kansas City, to plan for the construction of an air-line railroad from Kansas City seven hundred and eighty-five miles to the nearest point on the gulf, and this point proved to be Port Arthur, between New Orleans and Galveston. Port Arthur is located on Lake Sabine, from which runs Sabine Pass, a deep-water channel, to the Gulf of Mexico, twelve miles distant. Robert Gillham, one of the most original and practical civil engineers that the West has produced, is the chief engineer of the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad, and the superb construction of the road is the best evidence of his skill and experience.

It is amazing that, with so little publicity, a great north and south trunk-line—really the first of its kind in the history of the country—should have been constructed mostly during the past five years, including four of the hardest years of financial distress that this country has ever known. And it is a tribute to the rare business sagacity and foresight of investors in Holland that they saw this golden opportunity and furnished most of the funds required to construct, complete, and equip the line in the best possible manner. I am informed by Mr. F. W. McDonald, formerly a newspaper man of prominence in Kansas City, and now at the head of the department of publicity of the new railroad, that not a dollar of governmental or State aid was asked, not an acre of land-grant, no gratuities or benefits from Federal or State authorities, and it is not remarkable that the work has been so thoroughly done as to command the admiration of the most experienced civil engineers.

The new railroad runs in a line almost straight from Kansas City to the gulf. A connection of its own takes it into Omaha. It parallels no other road, for there is no other like it. Its direct tributary country embraces North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Mississippi, Indian Territory, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. And it will not be unfair to include all that well-settled and older section of the country, not herein specified, which in ante-railroad times sent its commodities by way of the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi rivers to the commercial mart of New Orleans. The States and the Territory I have enumerated embrace one-third of the total area of the United States—if we exclude Alaska—and one-fifth of the entire population of the country. The road bisects every zone of exportable wealth in the United States, passing, at the north, through the country's best corn-belt; next through the finest wheat-fields of the West; then through the richest lead and coal sections; next through the cotton-belt, and, finally, through the pine and oak forests which cover eastern Texas and southern Louisiana. No richer section of the country can be found, none where population and wealth are increasing more rapidly, and, therefore, the new railroad is to be a producer as well as a carrier of wealth.

A few years ago that magnificent man of the West, that potential personality of busy Chicago, Philip D. Armour, said to me that Kansas City had the most promising future of any city in the country. Kansas City has been noticeably first of the Western cities to recover from the recent depression. To me it seems busier and more prosperous now than ever. The new railroad will give Kansas City the greatest impetus it has ever had. It will make St. Louis a far more formidable rival of Chicago, and Kansas City a rival of St. Louis.

Kansas City, which, excluding San Francisco and St. Louis, is the largest city west of the Mississippi, is the starting point of the new railway. Then comes Pittsburg, one hundred and twenty-nine miles south of Kansas City, the centre of the greatest coal-fields west of the Mississippi, and the greatest zinc-smelting city in the world. Joplin, Missouri, lies on the new line, with an output of lead and zinc valued at one hundred thousand dollars per week. Texarkana and Shreveport, two of the best cities in the South, and minor places of importance, come one after another. One hundred and seventy-five million acres of pine lands are penetrated by the new railroad. No field for invest-

ment is more inviting than this vast lumber district, where the famous long-leaf yellow pine exists apparently in unlimited quantities. Vast tracts of similar timber-lands in western Louisiana belong to the Jay Gould estate, to Russell Sage, and others interested in the Texas Pacific Railway and its timber grants, and they are holding them for a solid and substantial rise.

The dream of the Mississippi valley for years has been the construction of a north and south railroad, and the dream of every one of the half-dozen deep-water harbors on the Texas coast has been that it should be the terminus of the new road. It required an expenditure of nearly seven million dollars to secure between twenty and twenty-five feet of water at Galveston, and something less than two million to secure the same depth at Sabine Pass, and through the latter one hundred million feet of lumber for export will be shipped this year. The expenditure of less than half a million will extend this channel at Sabine Pass from the pass five miles along the shore of the magnificent Sabine Lake to Port Arthur. Sabine Lake is twenty-nine miles long and twelve miles wide, and has a depth, according to the government charts, ranging from four to sixteen feet. The bed and shore of the lake are of blue clay, which on exposure to air becomes as solid as limestone.

The Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad has just closed the purchase of land along the shore of the lake extending from Port Arthur to Sabine Pass, and obtained from the government the right to connect the Sabine Pass deep-water channel with a canal beginning a mile north of Sabine City and running five miles, to the mouth of Taylor's Bayou. This bayou now has deep-water navigation, and its fresh water will pass through the new canal, flushing it constantly from Port Arthur to the pass. A contract has been made with the New York Dredging Company to dredge the first mile of the canal, and it is estimated that the work can be done for about thirty-six thousand dollars a mile, and that the five miles to Taylor's Bayou can be completed within four months. The canal is to be from one hundred and thirty-eight to five hundred feet wide, with a uniform depth of twenty-five feet, and, as the railroad owns the land on each side of the canal, neither the government nor any one else can interfere with its project.

After three miles of the canal have been finished, from the deep-water channel at Sabine Pass, a temporary railroad line will be laid from the docks at Port Arthur to convey timber and other freight to vessels in the canal, and thus direct connection from Kansas City to "deep water" will be greatly expedited. The best engineers declare that there will be no difficulty in dredging the proposed canal, as the clay is of such a character that when it is piled up alongside the route it will form a solid, permanent mass—an excellent foundation for docks and terminals. The system of docks laid out at the head of the canal extends from Taylor's Bayou to Port Arthur, and will offer accommodations and a magnificent harbor to an unlimited number of freight and passenger vessels.

The construction of the proposed canal from Sabine Pass to Port Arthur makes the last link in the chain and gives the new longitudinal trunk-line a deep-water harbor on the gulf at the most available point for freight and passenger traffic, where the permanence of the channel has been maintained for so many years that it is no longer questioned, and where no interference with the vested rights of the corporation need ever be feared. While other gulf ports are seeking government aid to open and maintain them, the new port at Port Arthur steps to the front and couples its independence with its success.

The Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad owns fifty thousand acres of land at this point, and four thousand have been set aside as the site of the city of Port Arthur, including its terminal facilities. This magnificent tract of land is bounded by the Neches River, Sabine Lake, and Taylor's Bayou, all of them navigable waters reaching rich agricultural and still richer lumber districts. The town of Sabine Pass, comprising two or three hundred persons, has for many years been located near the jetties, and its people are mostly engaged in handling lumber which comes down in lighters from the extensive mills at Beaumont, Orange, and Lake Charles, located from thirty to fifty miles farther north. This lumber is transferred from lighters at Sabine Pass to ocean steamers. The lumber-mills in the places I have mentioned have a capacity of five hundred million feet per year, or over thirty-five thousand car-loads, which is one-tenth of the entire lumber output of the United States during 1896. Full-rigged ships come up to the undocked shore at Sabine Pass without danger of grounding. I counted twenty-five vessels loading for foreign markets with lumber at Sabine Pass. While Galveston is agitating for a north and south railway to reach its harbor, Kansas City capitalists are finishing this new railway to one of the oldest and best deep-water passes on the gulf, and are just as quietly proceeding with the project of extending the deep-water pass, and making one of the finest harbors in the world at Port Arthur.

And this new railroad is over one hundred miles shorter than any other railroad from Kansas City to the sea, and five hundred and thirty-six miles shorter than the distance by rail from Kansas City to New York. It owns extensive terminals at Kansas City and Port Arthur, and connects at the former by its own belt-line with every one of the twenty-six railways entering that city. Furthermore, the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad will connect, July 1st, by a branch of its own with all of the railroads centring in Omaha, Des Moines, and Quincy, Illinois, and it now connects at eight points between Kansas City and Port Arthur with the most important Southwestern railroads.

New York may well begin to study this new and novel situation. Sabine Pass and the gulf apparently have not entered into New York's calculations, perhaps from the fact that ten years ago a tidal-wave well-nigh swept away the town of Sabine Pass. But it did not sweep away the channel to the gulf. Nor will any tidal-wave sweep away Port Arthur, for this new city on the gulf has been located on the highest ground along the coast.

If New York appreciates the situation no time will be lost in arranging for freight lines direct to Port Arthur. Work on the new canal and the admirable system of docks and terminals at Port Arthur will be completed in great part within a year. The interval will give those who are interested in maintaining New York's commercial supremacy abundant time to survey the



situation and adapt themselves to it. First of all, let New York reduce its port charges; next, let New York put on a fast freight line of steamers to Port Arthur. Such a line would find here not only cargoes of timber, cattle, cotton, corn, wheat, lead, zinc, and other commodities for domestic and foreign consumption, but also great quantities of early fruits and vegetables; for all the enormous stretch of rich, black land in the vicinity of Port Arthur is being rapidly taken up for garden farming. Within a year it has increased in value from two dollars to thirty-five dollars per acre, and an agricultural experiment station established by the railroad at this point shows what can be done. The rich, heavy soil will yield three crops a year. Strawberries, radishes, cabbages, and similar garden products are growing in profusion in and about Port Arthur at this time. New York may close its eyes to the realities of the situation, but others do not. The English vice-consul at Kansas City, in a recent official report, said:

"The gulf export business that was predicted for years has become a reality. It is the natural result of a business trend that long ago was inevitable to the people of the South and West, but it is even now hardly appreciated by the lake region and east coast markets."

In a recent address before the Commercial Club of St. Louis, Mr. C. E. Finney, freight-traffic manager of the Consolidated Kansas City Smelting and Refining Company, called attention to a most important fact in connection with the gulf ports when he said:

"The Nicaragua Canal will be built at no distant day. To-day Liverpool is two thousand seven hundred miles nearer to China and Japan than is New York. Via the Nicaragua Canal New York will be as near as Liverpool to China, and will be one thousand miles nearer to Australia and two thousand miles nearer Japan. The gulf ports will be seven hundred miles nearer than New York to all these places. We shall, ere long, become a factor in the commerce of South America, Australia, and the Orient."

The condition of the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad is as I give it herewith. This is the result of a personal examination of the property, extending from Port Arthur to Kansas City, and involving a rough ride of forty miles over the wild and hilly timber-lands of Arkansas from Horatio to Hatton Gap, and a ride on a hand-car of twenty-five miles from Hatton Gap to Mena. Trains are running from Kansas City to Mena regularly, a distance of three hundred and eighty miles. Then comes a gap of sixty-one miles to Horatio, on which the work is so nearly completed that the announcement of through trains may be expected any day. From Horatio to Manyville, seventy-five miles below Shreveport, regular trains are running, so that virtually the road is built and ready for business from Kansas City to Manyville, Louisiana, and the gap of ninety-six miles from Manyville to Beaumont will probably be closed within sixty days. From Beaumont to Port Arthur, a little less than twenty miles, the line has been in operation for some time.

The completion of the line from Kansas City to Shreveport gives Kansas City direct access to Houston and Galveston on one side and to New Orleans on the other, by way of two railways connecting directly at Shreveport with these points, with which railways the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad has made a traffic arrangement for through business to the gulf. This route will be the shortest and quickest in operation. By way of the Houston and Galveston connection, Port Arthur, the gulf terminus of the new road, can be reached in the interim before the completion of the short line south from Manyville, Louisiana. From Kansas City to Joplin the new road is competitive, and the map will show that from Joplin to the gulf it is a non-competitive line. It is the absolute master of its business in all this vast territory.

The train service of the new road is the best that the South and West has ever had. Pullman buffet sleepers and vestibuled chair-cars and coaches are provided, heated by steam from the locomotives, and brilliantly lighted by the Pintsch gas system. The road is smooth and rides very easily, considering the short period of its operation. It is ballasted largely with a peculiar red and white conglomerate of stone and gravel, held together by the tenacious soil of the section. This and broken stone constitute the ballast for hundreds of miles through the Indian Territory and Arkansas. Further south, where the soil changes and where the grade is low and level, the stiff, tenacious, heavy red loam is used, and it packs as hard almost as a sheet of asphalt. The trestles, bridges, and culverts are built for permanence. The bridge over the Arkansas near Fort Smith is thirteen hundred feet long—a fine steel structure with solid foundations of concrete, and cost one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars. It is massive and symmetrical, and would be a credit to any railroad in the country.

The cuts and fills, not only of earth but also of rock and shale, especially in the stretch of one hundred and fifty miles south of Poteau, are deep and extensive, and involved a very large expenditure—in fact, a critical examination of the road indicates that money was not spared to make the work safe for all time. Sixty-pound steel rails are used, and the ties, which are of oak from the adjoining timber-lands, are set three thousand to three thousand two hundred to the mile. No railroad in the country ever secured its ties more conveniently and cheaply than the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad, and it could, therefore, afford to use them with unusual liberality.

For over five hundred miles the road runs through the finest timber-land in the world, and saw-mills have sprung up at a hundred different points, each of them the centre of a new camp or town and the nucleus of a profitable passenger and freight business. So, too, with the rich agricultural lands along the line. Cotton that formerly was carted from thirty to eighty-five miles to a market now finds it in front of the farm. I saw at various freight-landings from five to twenty-five bales of cotton awaiting shipment at little settlements of such recent origin that their names cannot be found in any gazetteer or atlas, or even on the folders of this new railroad itself. Many of these new settlements are destined to be railway and business centres of importance, and the rush of speculators and investors in their direction has already begun. A trip over the new road at this time offers an excellent opportunity to observe the way in which a new section of the country has its eyes opened by a railroad to the possibilities of wealth and progress. Seven miles from Texarkana, on a branch road, large cement-works have just been

established at a place called White Cliff. The deposit of limestone at this point is enormous and the cement is equal to the finest Portland imported.

The terminals of the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad include extensive round-houses, repair-, machine-, and car-shops at Kansas City, Shreveport, Texarkana, Pittsburg, Mena, and Port Arthur, and, not including those at Kansas City, are valued at about a million dollars. Those at Shreveport alone are estimated at three hundred thousand dollars, and the road is abundantly prepared to take care of all the business it can reach. At Port Arthur a new hotel of modern style, called "The Sabine," with an attractive natatorium near by, has just been finished, and an old New-Yorker, James Furlong, has been put in charge. It is a summer and winter resort in the midst of the finest hunting and fishing grounds of the gulf, and its guests enjoy the waters of a sulpho-saline artesian well seven-hundred and eighty feet deep, which gushes out at a temperature of eighty degrees. This well is one of the curiosities of the coast, and it was sunk in five days under the direction of the resident engineer, H. H. Beels.

The new railroad has cost twenty million dollars thus far, and it is easy to see where the money has gone; and it is easy to understand why so much has been spent, for this is no venture-some speculation—it is an investment, and if time does not prove that fact most clearly and indisputably, and make the railroad a factor of the widest importance in the calculations of our financiers, I shall be greatly surprised. Its projectors wisely announce that they have no ambition to build lines parallel with other railroads, or to build branch lines to make distant connections in search of business. They are profoundly impressed with the belief that the new longitudinal trunk-line will bring them all the traffic they can properly handle, and all that will be necessary to make their enterprise a magnificent success. In closing, let me summarize the reasons for their belief in the future of this property:

1. As a carrier of export business the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad is one hundred miles shorter, from a district that produces ninety per cent. of the grain export business, than any north and south line, and from four hundred to five hundred miles shorter than any east and west line.
2. It is the only road west of the Mississippi that has a northern timber haul to fill south-bound cars loaded with exports, when the cars return north.
3. Practically three-fourths of its territory is purely local and non-competitive.
4. No other line to the gulf has direct connections for the two important ports of New Orleans and Galveston, and furthermore, the new road runs to the nearest gulf port to Kansas City—Port Arthur. If through freight and passenger lines from Kansas City to New Orleans and Galveston are logical, the Port Arthur route is logical; this all the more so because its own port, Port Arthur, is nearer to Kansas City than any other gulf port, and its northern timber haul gives it a distinct advantage over any north or south line.
5. Its freight is largely heavy, and therefore suitable for export and water shipment.

The logic of the situation must be clear to every thoughtful man.

JOHN A. SLEICHER.

## Pasadena as a Health and Pleasure Resort.

"ARTHUR, now why should I go to Bath above all other places in England?" said George IV. to Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. "Because, your Majesty," said the duke, "Bath is perfect; Bath has no drawbacks." The reader, especially the delicate reader residing in the cold and frozen East, may ask why should I go to Pasadena above all other places in the United States?—and we answer with the Iron Duke, because Pasadena is perfect; Pasadena has no drawbacks. Indeed, it would be quite difficult to exaggerate the perfections of Pasadena as a health or pleasure resort. If the test of experience be applied to the attractions and advantages of this portion of southern California they will be found to be pure gold. The climate, the scenery, the fertility, the enterprise, the prosperity that have been accorded to this region are all genuine. The climate, particularly, is devoid of extremes; the air is fresh, pure, and invigorating, and the perpetual sunshine is peculiarly revivifying. Such a climate has nothing in it to tax the system, but leaves nature free to restore exhausted vitality. The scenery is varied, yet always charming, ranging from pastoral quiet to rugged mountain grandeur.

Pasadena is an ideal city, with its wide streets and avenues lined with fine trees, while every house in the resident part of the city has its garden filled with the most beautiful of flowers—calla-lilies, marguerites, and violets; while the roses, fuchsias, and jasmynes actually scramble over the fences and around the cottage windows. Here and there stately palms spread their broad leaves to the sun, and feathery bamboos wave a welcome to every breeze. Thirty varieties of humming-birds hover like flying flowers over the gardens, while the mocking-bird's clarion note is heard from every stalwart oak and tall eucalyptus.

Pasadena lies in the San Gabriel Valley. Captain Austin Scott, of the Royal Engineers of the British Army, a gentleman who has traveled extensively all over the world, pronounces this valley to be second only to the Vale of Cashmere, immortalized by Moore. Wilson's Peak, six thousand feet high, stands two miles behind Pasadena. A gentle grade leaves the city itself and trolley-cars ascend to Altadena and the foot-hills. From Altadena the Mount Lowe Railway extends up and into the Sierra Mountains, where there is a hotel three thousand five hundred feet above the sea, observatory, telescope, and search-light. The foot-hills, extending like an ocean, with here and there cool, green meadows and orchards, where not yet cultivated team with the *eschscholtzia*, or wild poppy, the floral emblem of California. No flower, wild or domesticated, could have been selected which is more expressive of the characteristics of the Golden State. Its rich and flaming orange color is suggestive of the wealth of the golden sunshine which is perennially present here, and of the golden fruit of Hesperus with which the orange-groves scattered through its territory from the Mexican border to the Oregon line are laden at that period of the year when the

major part of the northern hemisphere is buried beneath a covering of ice and snow. The *eschscholtzia* is the one wild flower of the State which at once charms the visiting stranger. It is the one floral product of California over the glories of which poets rave in ecstatic delirium, and concerning which the sentimental dream.

Pasadena is pre-eminently the most desirable section in southern California in which to establish a home, and the continuous influx of population and wealth verifies this assertion. The residences, it should be emphasized, are, many of them, models in beauty, amplitude, and originality. The orders of architecture are varied, embracing Grecian, Gothic, Moorish, Queen Anne, Spanish Mission, and numerous composite designs. As an example we illustrate, with two views, the palatial residence of Mr. William C. Stuart, formerly of New York. Mr. Stuart was educated to the profession of civil engineering, and, having traveled all over the world, fixed upon Pasadena as the permanent home for himself and family, which consists of a wife and four children. His house is in the Moorish style, erected from the plans of Frederick Roerig, a rising young architect of Pasadena. The pictures will speak for themselves as to the elegance of this lovely home, everything connected with it being solid and sterling, no money being spared in its construction or the beautifying of its surroundings. The principal apartments are a drawing-room, library, ball-room, and billiard-room. These are all decorated with embossed leather, while costly cabinets, filled with curios and souvenirs of gold, silver, and china from many lands, are scattered all through the house. Pictures, clocks, and bronzes of the rarest description are lavishly displayed. In the plate collection alone is one in which solid-silver filigree, in the most curious manner, is burnt into the material and adorned in the Etruscan style, and is valued at one thousand dollars. Persian rugs, skins of the wild boar, and the hides of tigers ornament the floors, while plaques of wild birds from India, Afghanistan, and the remotest regions of farther India decorate every niche and corner. Mrs. Stuart has her own collection—upon which she naturally prides herself—pitchers and jugs from all over the world, one made from the red-hot lava of Vesuvius being particularly conspicuous on account of its peculiar beauty of finish. The stables, elaborate as the house itself, and as well ventilated, are filled with turn-outs and vehicles of all kinds, while the harness is preserved in large glass cases. The grounds, four acres in extent, are in harmonious keeping with the house, while a grotto forty-five feet in height and extending five feet under ground, surrounded by four fountains and with spiral ascent to the top, looks, at a short distance, like some great cathedral in miniature. This grotto alone cost more money than a good four-story house, and is the only one of its kind known in California. At night, when lighted by electricity, it looks like the cave of Aladdin of the wonderful lamp.

D. J. K.

## Two Famous Women.

It is, perhaps, a little invidious to speak of Mrs. Leonard as "Lillian Russell's mother," but the daughter's fame has so completely eclipsed the mother's that few remember the latter's former prominence as a champion of woman's rights. Mrs. Leonard in her old age is a very striking figure of a woman—tall, straight, and fair, with her gray hair worn in ringlets, and more than a suggestion in her looks and manner of the lady of the old school. She lives in New York, and is infrequently seen in public.

Dr. Huldah Gunn's argument for euthanasia in the case of sufferers from painful and incurable disease was characteristic of the woman. To advocate death self-inflicted, or by the aid of the physician, as a relief from the torments of pain is not novel, but to argue its desirability before so circumspect a feminine organization as the Society for Political Study was the act of one who takes a certain pleasure in throwing bombs at conventionality. Dr. Gunn has a reputation as a physician, but a greater one as a public speaker and debater. She is almost always on hand when women's clubs convene for discussion—a short, thick-set, energetic figure, the cynosure of all neighboring eyes when an argument has been started, and always, when possible, in the thick of the fray. She is clear-headed, a foe of shams, and generally one of the most interesting of club-women.

## An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal-card. A trial costs you nothing.



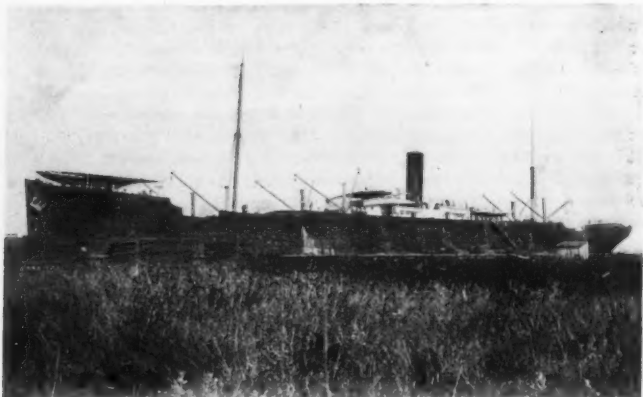
Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.





THE SABINE HOTEL, PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS.



LOADING LUMBER FOR EXPORT AT SABINE PASS.



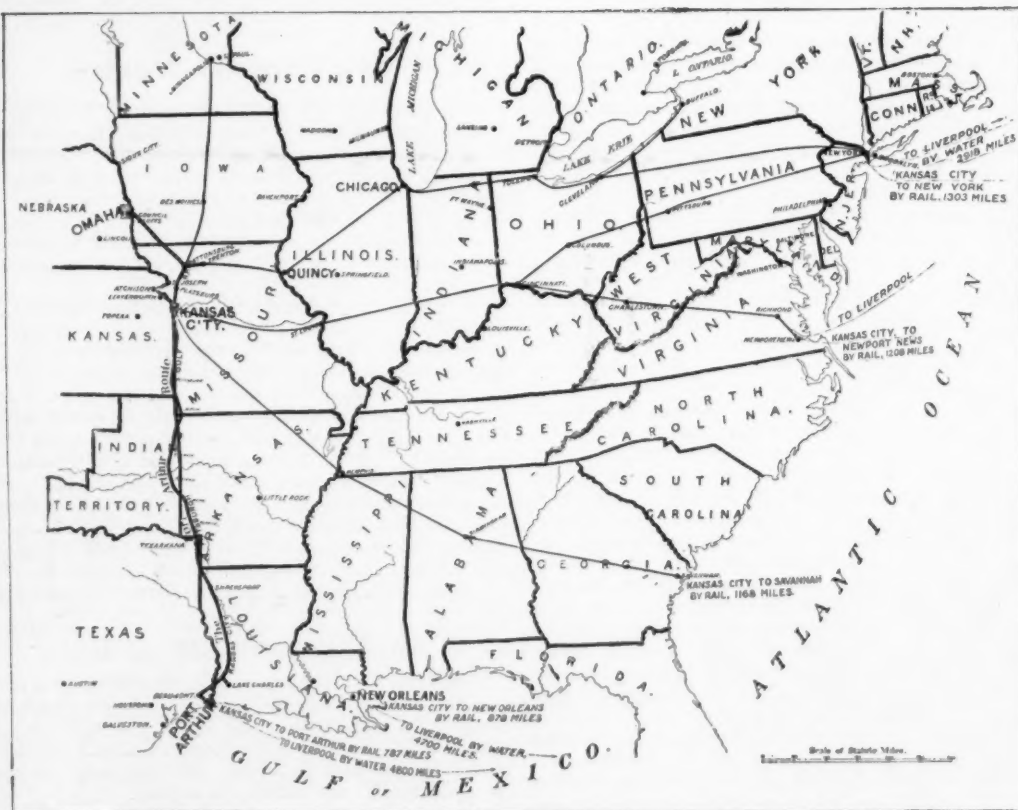
TERMINAL STATION, PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS.



RAILROAD SHOPS NEAR PITTSBURG, KANSAS.



STEEL BRIDGE NEAR FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.



MAP OF THE SHORTEST RAILROAD FROM KANSAS CITY TO THE GULF OF MEXICO—THE NEW KANSAS CITY, PITTSBURG AND GULF ROUTE.



JUNE FISH CAUGHT AT SABINE PASS, TEXAS, JULY 7TH, 1896. WEIGHT, TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE POUNDS.



PORTLAND CEMENT WORKS AT WHITE CLIFF, ARKANSAS.



THE NARROWS, PORT ARTHUR ROUTE.

## A REMARKABLE RAILROAD.

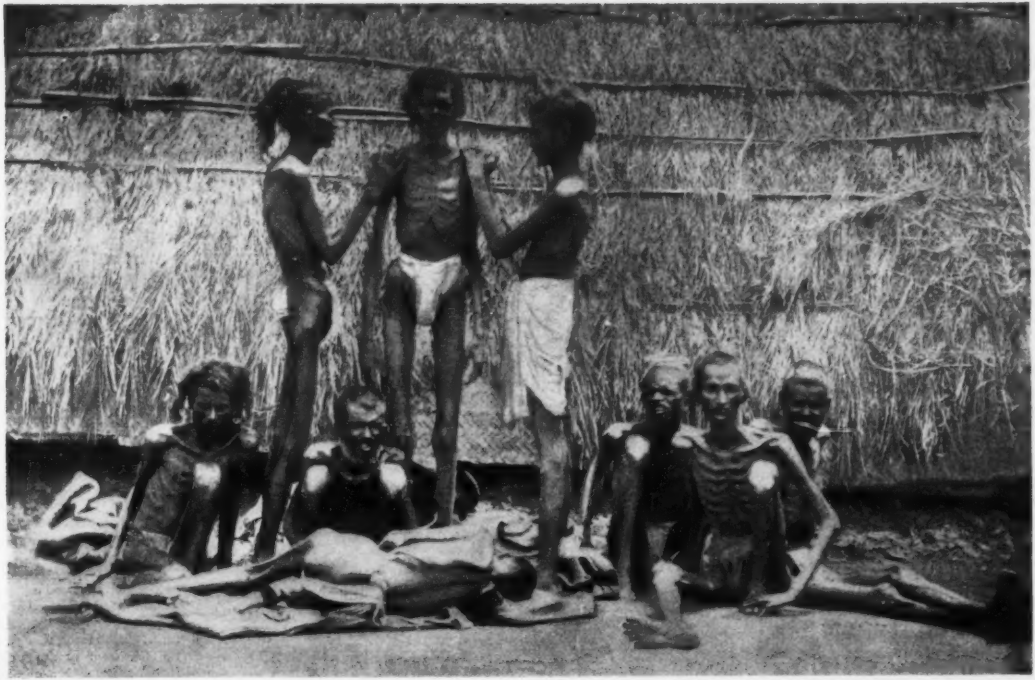
THE NEW KANSAS CITY, PITTSBURG AND GULF RAILROAD, FROM KANSAS CITY DIRECT TO THE GULF OF MEXICO.—[SEE PAGE 126.]

Copyright, 1897, by Leslie's Weekly.





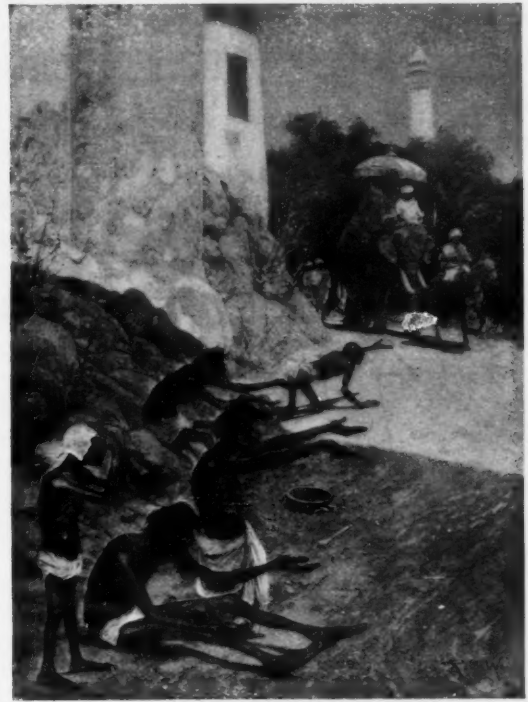
A PARSEE FUNERAL.—*Illustrated London News.*



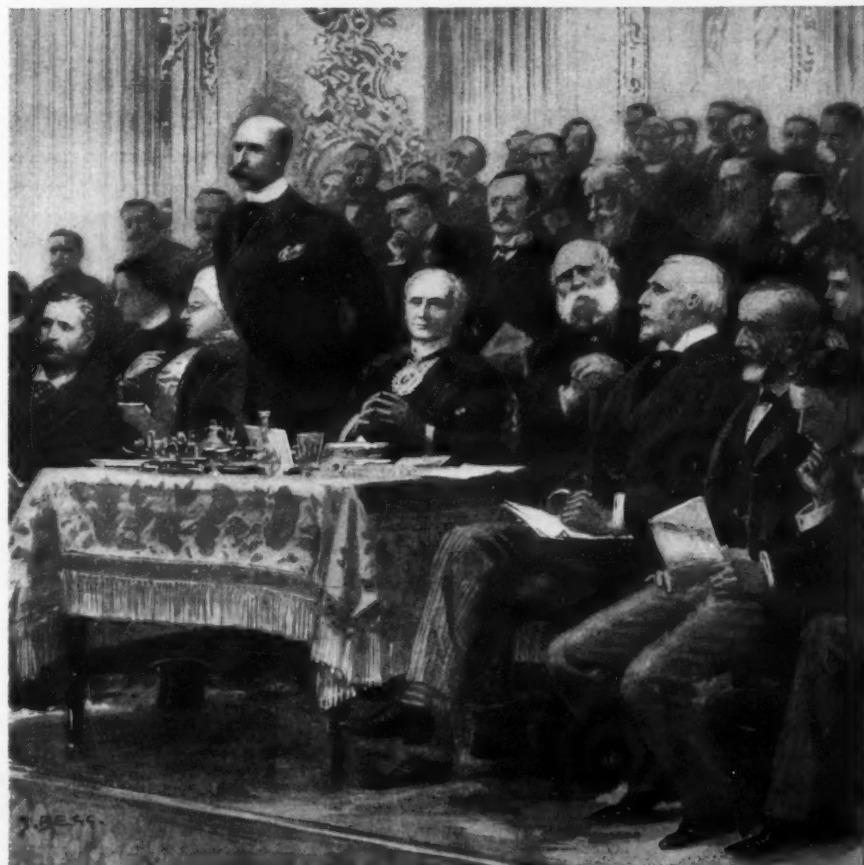
LIVING SKELETONS.—*Black and White.*



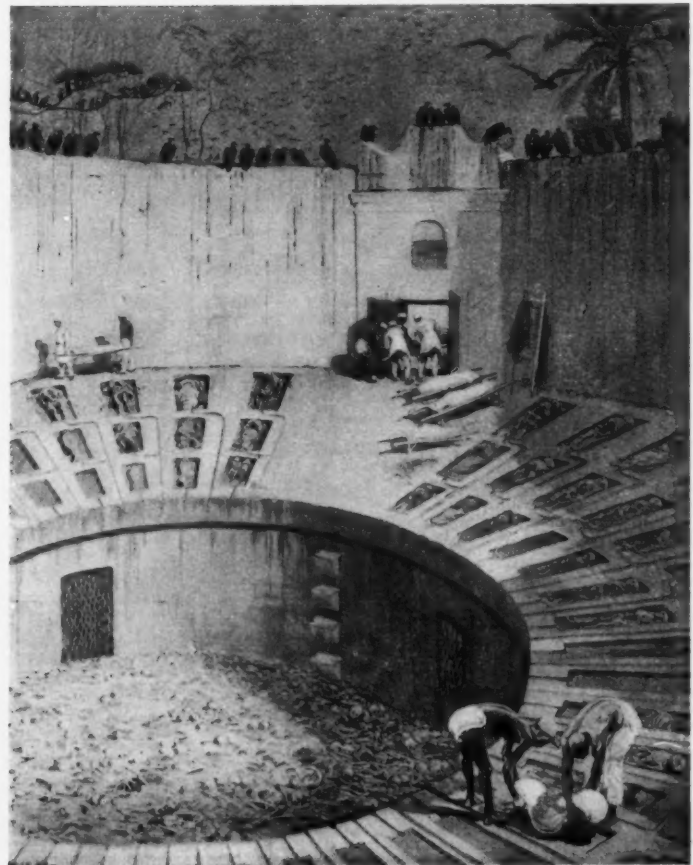
BELIEVING STARVING NATIVES AT A RESIDENCY IN INDIA.—*Illustrated London News.*



A ROADSIDE SCENE IN INDIA.—*Illustrated London News.*



MEETING AT THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON—THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT URGING THE CITIZENS OF LONDON TO SUBSCRIBE TO A FAMINE FUND.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE TOWER OF SILENCE IN BOMBAY—THIS IS WHERE THE DEAD BODIES ARE DEPOSITED FOR THE VULTURES TO FEED UPON.—*Le Monde Illustré.*

At the Lord Mayor's meeting at the Mansion House, London, the Duke of Connaught presiding, measures were discussed and subscriptions taken for the relief of the Indian famine sufferers. Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, stated that the area supposed to be affected by famine was of the extent of one hundred and sixty-four thousand square miles, with a population of thirty-six millions, while a further extent of equal size, inhabited by forty-four millions, suffered what might be called scarcity, insufficient food to maintain health. The ravages of the plague are in the Bombay district. Two of the pictures reproduced herewith show native methods of disposing of the bodies of victims of the epidemic.

### THE GREAT FAMINE AND PLAGUE IN INDIA.



SOMMER & Co. find it almost impossible to keep pace with the insurmountable torrent of orders. The fame of the Sommer Piano is now world-wide, and the demand for the instrument is almost universal.

#### LETTERS FROM FARMERS

In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those States, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Apply to George H. Heafford, general passenger agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Illinois.

#### AMUSEMENTS.

**DALY'S THEATRE**, Broadway and 30th St.  
Evenings at 8:15. Matinees at 2.  
and the reappearance of **MISS ADA REHAN**  
**THE GEISHA** Tues., Thurs., Sat.  
**5TH AVE.** EVENINGS 8:15. MAT. 2.  
**E. M. & JOSEPH HOLLAND.**

#### MARDI GRAS—NEW ORLEANS.

The Southern Railway, the direct line between New York and New Orleans, announces one fare, round-trip rates, from Washington to New Orleans. Tickets for sale on February 25th to March 1st, inclusive, and good to return within fifteen days from date of sale. The time between New York and New Orleans is thirty-nine hours, and the service is perfect in every respect. Dining- and sleeping-cars on the limited trains. For further information, call on or address New York Office, 271 Broadway.

#### STOP-OVER PRIVILEGE AT WASHINGTON.

A TEN-DAY stop-over at Washington, D. C., is now granted on all through tickets between the East and West, via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Stop-over will also be granted on the return journey made on round-trip tickets, within the final limit of such tickets, but not exceeding ten days. Passengers will deposit their tickets with the ticket-agent at Baltimore and Ohio Railroad station in Washington, who will retain them until the journey is to be resumed, when they will be made good for continuous passage to destination by extension or exchange. This arrangement will doubtless be greatly appreciated by the traveling public because it will permit the holders of through tickets to make a brief visit to the national capital without additional outlay for railroad fare.

**GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE**—there's health in every drop. Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Rheims, New York.

#### LONDON (ENGLAND).

**THE LANGHAM** Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

**EVERARD'S TURKISH, RUSSIAN AND ELECTRIC BATHS.** Permanent and Transient Rooms. Moderate Prices. 24 to 30 West 28th Street, NEW YORK CITY.

**DR. SIEBERT'S Angostura Bitters** is the only genuine. Accept no imitations.

#### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

**DOBBINS'S Electric Soap** has been made for thirty-one years. Each year's sales have increased. In 1895 sales were 2,047,620 boxes. Superior quality, and absolute uniformity and purity, made this possible. Do you use it? Try it.

If you've a good digestion, keep it. Abbott's—the genuine original Angostura Bitters—strengthens the stomach. Druggists and dealers.

#### THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

The policy-holders of this company are to be congratulated upon the exhibit made by its thirty-seventh annual statement, which is published to-day. The assets are shown to be \$216,773,947 at the end of 1896; and the surplus, after deducting all liabilities, to be \$49,277,179. The cash income of the year was \$45,011,086, and the amount paid to the policy-holders and their heirs reached nearly \$22,000,000. The new insurance written by the company during the last year amounted to \$127,694,084, notwithstanding the unusual depression of all commercial affairs. The company has entered upon the year 1897 showing a clean balance sheet, an enormous surplus, and a flourishing business.

#### Free to Every Man.

#### THE METHOD OF A GREAT TREATMENT.

#### WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Painful diseases are bad enough, but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let-up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible, and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored the general health, but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the method of this wonderful treatment free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 529 Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

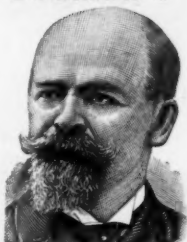
**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

It's so easy to get a cake and try it. If you try it you'll use it, that is, if you care anything for clear, white, sweet skin, and a complexion of health.

#### CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP (Persian Healing)

Sold by druggists.

#### Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum



**CAUTION.**—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.  
**The Perfection of Chewing Gum**  
And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package. **Beeman Chemical Co.** 110 Lake St., Cleveland, O. Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

#### TEAS

Send this "ad." and 10c. in stamps and we will mail you 1/4 lb. of any kind of Tea you may select. The best imported. Good Teas and Coffees, 25c. per lb. We will send 5 pounds of FINE FAMILY TEAS on receipt of this "ad." and \$2.00. This is a special offer.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,**  
31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y. P. O. Box 289.

**OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS**  
Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. **DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.**

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.

#### THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN. TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions the one which is aged must be the better.

Try our YORK Cocktail made without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For Sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.

#### AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.,** Sole Props.,  
39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

"Thrift is a good revenue."  
**Great saving**  
results from cleanliness and **SAPOLIO**.  
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.  
Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

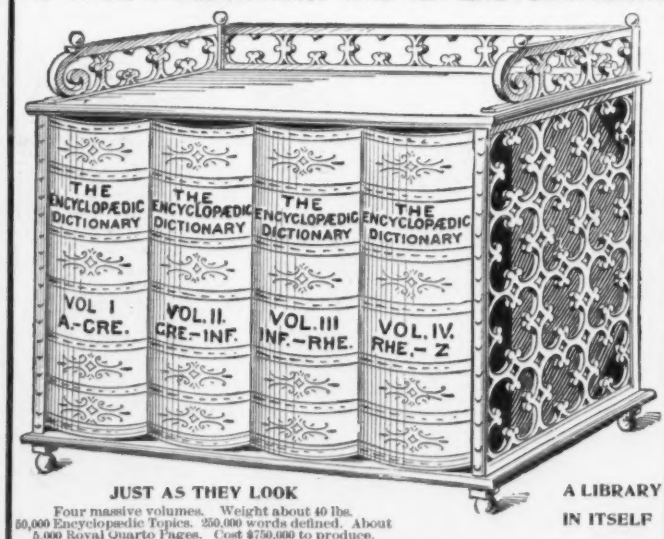
Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of **SAPOLIO**. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

## FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Very few of these special sets now remain, and fair warning is given that these will soon be claimed. Every reader now knows that the work is not only an *Encyclopædia*, treating over 50,000 topics, but the most exhaustive *Dictionary* published, defining over 250,000 words, which is 25,000 more than any other. They also know that they are securing the work for LESS THAN ONE-THIRD THE REGULAR PRICE, and as a consequence orders are being received daily from all sections of the country.

In making an inventory at the close of our recent Introductory Distribution, we find in stock a few sets of *The Encyclopædic Dictionary* (in cloth and half-Russia bindings only) of which the sides of some of the volumes are slightly rubbed—not enough to impair their real value or appearance in your library, but sufficient to prevent their shipment as perfect stock at our regular prices of \$42 to \$70 a set. There being only a limited number of these sets, we shall not go to the trouble of rebinding them, but have decided to let them go on easy payments of \$1 down and \$1 per month until paid for—less than one-third the regular price.

#### AT ONCE A DICTIONARY AND AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA



**JUST AS THEY LOOK**  
Four massive volumes. Weight about 40 lbs. 50,000 Encyclopædic Topics. 250,000 words defined. About 6,000 Royal Quarto Pages. Cost \$750,000 to produce.

**A LIBRARY IN ITSELF**

#### WHAT THE ENCYCLOPÆDIC DICTIONARY IS.

It contains over 250,000 defined words—nearly twice as many as the largest "unabridged"—and is now accepted as an UNQUESTIONED AUTHORITY wherever the English language is spoken.

It is one of the best of all *Encyclopædias*, treating over 50,000 encyclopædic subjects—the *Britannica* has about 27,000. JUST THINK OF IT! The whole range of human knowledge condensed for your INSTANT USE by such world-famous scientists as Huxley, Proctor, and a hundred other educators of hardly less renown! It easily takes the place of any half-dozen other reference-books that could be named.

It is an ornament to any library; beautifully printed, substantially bound, profusely illustrated, COSTING MORE THAN \$750,000 TO PRODUCE, the regular price being from \$42 to \$70 a set.

**REMEMBER** These sets are as good for all practical purposes and look as well in your bookcase as those for which we are getting regular prices. We guarantee that the interiors and backs are not injured, and the bindings of our standard grade. The most serious injury to any set is no greater than might occur in a few days' use in your own home or office. As absolute proof of this statement, you may retain the set for careful examination for one whole week. If not entirely satisfactory you may return the volumes and money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded. This is positively the chance of a lifetime.

**How to Secure This Great Bargain** Bring or send \$1.00 to the New York Newspaper Syndicate, 91 Fifth Ave., New York, and entire set of four superb volumes, bound in cloth, will be forwarded. The balance is to be paid at rate of \$1.00 monthly for one year. The first payment for either binding is only \$1.00. In sending your first payment, please designate the style of binding you desire, and indicate how you wish the volumes sent, as the charges for delivery must be paid by the purchaser. Remittances received after this special lot is exhausted will be immediately returned. The limited stock at our disposal cannot last long. To protect ourselves against book-dealers, etc., we must decline to send more than 2 sets to any one party, and in every case we must require the full name and address of each person receiving a set. We have only two styles of binding in this lot—cloth and half-Russia—about an equal quantity of each. Order at once, to make sure. The absolute confidence of the Syndicate that the work will be thoroughly appreciated, highly valued, and cheerfully paid for, is clearly shown by sending such a valuable set of books, the subscription price of which is from \$42 to \$70, on an advance payment of only \$1. We refer to any newspaper in New York, Boston, Chicago, or San Francisco.

The Half-Russia Binding will be supplied for 25c. additional per month.

**NEW YORK NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE, 91 & 93 Fifth Ave., New York.**

**Notice to Readers.**—To make sure of one of these special sets the \$1 should accompany your letter. Remember, you have one whole week for careful examination, with privilege of returning if not entirely satisfactory and your money will be promptly refunded.

**BY PROMPT ACTION NOW,** therefore, a number of ambitious and desiring readers of *Leslie's Weekly* who desire an up-to-date reference library may now secure these special sets at about cost of making.

**WHILE THEY LAST**  
**THEY ARE YOURS FOR A LIFETIME**  
**THIS EASY WAY.**

**\$1 DOWN**  
**SECURES IMMEDIATE POSSESSION** of the entire set of four volumes. Balance payable \$1 monthly.

Readers must not think that these sets are in any way incomplete or out of date. On the contrary, they are revised to June, 1896, and are from the regular stock, the prices of sets ranging from \$42 to \$70, according to binding.

**WE GUARANTEE** that these sets, except for slight rubs or abrasions on the sides of some of the volumes, are precisely the same as those sold at full prices; yet we cannot offer them as perfect stock, and our loss shall be your gain. This is

**Positively the Greatest Bargain** ever offered in a strictly high-class standard publication.

#### WHAT THE ABLEST CRITICS SAY.

"Not only are more words defined in this New Dictionary than in any other, but its definitions are more exhaustive."  
—*Chicago Tribune*.

"A standard reference-book, treating every branch of knowledge and research in a masterly manner."  
—*Philadelphia Press*.

"It forms in itself a library for the busy man of affairs, the mechanic ambitious to advance himself in his line, or the student or apprentice just making a beginning."  
—*Scientific American*.

"At the very head of all contemporary publications of its kind, and firmly established as one of the few great reference-books of the world."  
—*Christian Herald, N. Y.*



**THE CELEBRATED**

**PIANOS**

**Are the favorite of the Artist**

**and the refined musical public**

**SOHMER**

**NOS. 149 TO 155 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK**

**CAUTION--** The buying public will please not confound the genuine Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

**THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.**

**S-O-H-M-E-R**

## 33d ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHARTERED 1863. (STOCK.) LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.  
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 1, 1897.

Paid-up Capital, \$1,000,000.00

ASSETS.	
Real Estate, -	\$1,953,756.09
Cash on hand and in Bank, -	1,462,139.35
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, 5,377,156.02	
Interest accrued but not due, -	203,121.89
Loans on collateral security, -	714,150.00
Loans on this Company's Policies, -	936,342.31
Deferred Life Premiums, -	291,935.47
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies, 255,509.67	
State, county, and municipal Bonds, 3,361,078.92	
Railroad stocks and bonds, -	3,767,171.00
Bank stocks, -	1,084,966.00
Miscellaneous stocks and bonds, -	1,489,370.00
<b>Total Assets, -</b>	<b>\$20,896,684.63</b>

LIABILITIES.	
Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department, \$15,561,585.00	
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't, 1,311,974.40	
Present value of Matured Installment Policies, -	354,570.00
Special Reserve for Contingent Liabilities, 286,651.98	
Losses unadjusted and not due, and all other Liabilities, -	405,478.80
<b>Total Liabilities, -</b>	<b>\$17,920,260.27</b>
Surplus to Policy-holders, -	<b>\$2,976,424.36</b>

### STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Number Life Policies written, -	90,479
Life Insurance in force, -	\$88,243,267.00
New Life Insurance written in 1896, -	11,941,012.00
Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof as required by law.	
Returned to Policy holders in 1896, -	1,228,077.90
Returned to Policy holders since 1864, -	11,914,765.18
ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.	
Number Accident Policies written, -	2,338,186
Number Accident Claims paid in 1896, -	14,163
Whole number Accident Claims paid, -	292,379
Returned to Policy-holders in 1896, -	\$1,373,936.96
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, -	19,828,189.13
Returned to Policy-holders in 1896, -	\$2,602,014.86
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, -	31,742,954.31

JOHN E. MORRIS, Acting Secretary.  
GEORGE ELLIS, Actuary.  
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.  
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adj. Surg.  
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.



**BOKER'S BITTERS**

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST  
DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A  
DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers,  
Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

**DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.**

Our INVISIBLE TUBE Curbans help when all else  
an glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard.  
Send to F. Hiseox Co., 255 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proof. **FREE**

**PILES** and **CONSTIPATION** cured  
free. A sample of the best remedy  
on earth mailed free of charge.  
Prof. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

**THE PURE ALUMINUM MATCH-SAFE**  
is the best made. Sent to any address for \$1.00.  
Ansonia Safe Co., Ansonia, Ct.

**ROLL-TOP DESKS.**

Solid quarter oak, high or low rolls, pigeon-holes as desired.  
All desks manufactured in this state, hence contain the best of seasoned wood; guaranteed not to  
crack or warp.

**PRICES THAT NEVER FAIL TO SELL.**

Desks that never disappoint, combined with prices, enable us to constantly gain custom. Call and  
examine.

ADVERTISING DESK CO., Rooms 1120-1123,

150 Nassau St., New York City.

**PUBLISHERS,  
PRINTERS AND  
LITHOGRAPHERS**

GOING SOUTH.

For the last ten days travel toward the Sunny South has been very large; more than for many previous years. The superb service offered from the East to the charming resorts of Florida, Augusta, Aiken, and western North Carolina has attracted the attention of the public as to how quickly and easily the South is reached. The travelers are indebted to the Southern Railway System, this season, whose lines penetrate the entire South, for the best service that has ever been enjoyed by the traveling public between the East and South. By the inauguration of the New York and Florida Limited the interest of the Florida travel was looked after by the wide-awake management of this great system. This great train, which leaves New York daily, except Sunday, at 12:10 noon, reaches Jacksonville on the following afternoon at 3:30 and St. Augustine at 4:40, insuring a daylight arrival, which will be appreciated by the Florida travel. Attached to this train, which is operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, composed exclusively of dining, compartment, library, observation, and sleeping-car, is a Pullman drawing-room sleeping-car, New York to Augusta. Connections are made for Aiken at Trenton Junction. Still another limited is operated over this great system to the South, and has a national reputation: the peerless Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited, which leaves New York daily at 4:30 p. m. and is operated solid between New York and New Orleans, giving dining-car service, with through sleeping-cars: New York to Atlanta, New Orleans, Memphis, Jacksonville, Tampa, Asheville, Hot Springs, Chattanooga, and Nashville. This magnificent train is operated three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and has no equal leaving New York. The third limited to the South is the United States Fast-mail, which leaves New York at midnight, carrying through sleeping-car from New York to Jacksonville and New Orleans, making through connections for all points South. If you contemplate making a trip and want up-to-date service, quickest time, see that you are booked via Washington and the Southern Railway. From Washington it will take you anywhere you want to go South, over its own rails. New York office, 271 Broadway, will cheerfully furnish any information.



A CLEW.

CHUMPLEY (perplexed and indignant)—  
"Here's an anonymous letter I've just received, abusing me like a pickpocket, and calling me a fool. Who do you suppose could have written it?"  
Friend—"H'm, let's see. It must be some one who is well acquainted with you."



### The Dusky Queen.

THE recent visit of Queen Liliuokalani, late of Hawaii, to Washington, recalls some old stories about the little island kingdom in the days when the native population was larger, and the "Uitlanders" less numerous than they are now. In those days rules, and laws, were very rigid; in fact, they were the outcome of New England Calvinism of the strictest sort, and the police were quite watchful; but still there were exceptions to the rules, as one American of distinction found when the queen of the day, in discussing the severity of some of the laws, said, "After all, it does not make any matter; these laws were made for common people, not for persons of distinction, like yourself and myself." Another little incident from the same authority was a vanishing view of the queen and court, attired principally in wreaths of flowers, and galloping their horses into the surf. It was a pleasant little monarchy, and the present ex-majesty naturally regrets it, but a dying-out race cannot expect long control, and the best of the Pacific races are in a state of curious decline. Why it is that they die out, nobody knows, but die they do, and in a few years there will be, for example, no Marquesans left—and yet the Marquesans are physically a finer race than any of the northern European breeds, but they do not seem to have the survival toughness in their make-up.

BUY NO TYPEWRITER

Except it has **VISIBLE WRITING.**

THE **"Daugherty-Visible"**

LEADS THEM ALL.

**\$75.00.**

CATALOGUE OF

You can try a machine by sending a reference.

The Daugherty Typewriter Company, 14 Main St., W. Kittanning, Pa.

## Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel. BALL-POINTED pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others.

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 Cents, post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

H. BAINBRIDGE & Co., 99 William St., New York.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 715 Market St., Philadelphia.  
HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk St., Boston.  
A. S. McCLELLAN & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.  
BROWN BROS. & Co., 68 King Street, Toronto.

**BANDY CATHARTIC**

**Cascarets**

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 216.

ALL DRUGGISTS

## LOOK!

\$7 With a Year's Subscription to **LESLIE'S WEEKLY.**

**A Machine that TALKS**

Why pay \$100 cash for a Talking Machine, when a responsible publishing house makes the unparalleled offer of \$7.00 for such a Machine?—one that is second to none. With this Machine

**LESLIE'S WEEKLY**

Is Given as a Premium.

The Weekly, under its new management, is considered the best illustrated periodical of the kind in America.

WHY DO YOU WANT A TALKING MACHINE?

Because it Talks Talk.  
Because it Sings Beautifully.

Better than most. As good as the best.

If \$100 machines talk like Ingersoll, play like Joseffy, and sing like Patti, our Echo-phone talks like Chauncey M. Depew, plays like Paderewski, and sings like de Reszke, and all that for \$7.00, with a year's subscription to the popular Leslie's Weekly.

The ECHO-PHONE  
requires no  
battery;  
no electricity.  
Wind the spring—that is all.

When ordering, state the style of record wanted, and it will be sent free. We will furnish additional records for fifty cents each.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Ave., New York.

**TALKING-MACHINE  
RECORD-COUPON**

Forty Cents and this Coupon will buy you one TALKING-MACHINE RECORD.

Regular price Fifty Cents.

NAME, \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS, \_\_\_\_\_

STATE, \_\_\_\_\_

Desiring paper of superior excellence and uniformity can secure it of the makers of the papers used in the various publications of **THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY.**





#### FEMININE INSTINCT.

MAGGIE—"Patsy Murphy 's in love."  
KATIE—"Wot makes yer t'ink so?"  
MAGGIE—"He's got on a collar."



Not  
"the only pebble on  
the beach"  
nor  
the only ale  
on the market,  
but—  
the only bottled ale that  
**is**

FREE FROM SEDIMENT.

## Arnold Constable & Co. LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

*Silk Petticoats*

**BATISTE CORSETS.**

*Shirt Waists.*

**SILK FROCKS.**

*Hand-made Guimps.*

*Hand-Embroidered Underwear.*

**Broadway & 19th St.  
NEW YORK.**

*Matchless in Every Feature!*

## CALIFORNIA.

Two tours to California and the Pacific Coast, under the personally-conducted system of the

### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Four weeks to nine months on the Pacific Coast. Special Pullman Vestibule Trains will leave New York and Philadelphia February 24 and March 27, 1907. (Boston one day earlier.)

### MAGNIFICENT WINTER OUTINGS

of the highest grade in every particular. Round-trip rates from New York, Philadelphia, and points east of Pittsburgh: First tour, \$350; second tour, \$210. From Boston: First tour, \$355; second, \$220.

For itineraries and all information of California, Florida, and Washington tours, apply to Tourist Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York; 805 Washington St., Boston; 789 Broad St., Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent, Philadelphia.

## LINE REVERSIBLE COLLARS AND CUFFS.

MADE OF FINE CLOTH IN ALL POPULAR STYLES.  
*Equal in Fit and Wear to finest linen*  
Not to be laundered; when soiled reverse, then discard.

**LUXURIOUS AND ECONOMICAL.**

Sold at all leading Gent's Furnishing Stores, but if not found send **twenty-five cents** for a box of **ten Collars** or **five pairs of Cuffs**, naming the size and style.

Send Sample Collar and pair of Cuffs sent for **4 CENTS**.  
REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., 81 Franklin St., New York

**VAN BIBBER**  
**CIGARETTES**  
OR  
**LITTLE CIGARS.**  
ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.  
HIGHEST IN PRICE,  
FINEST IN QUALITY.  
25c. a Bundle,  
10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.  
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

## URBANA WINE COMPANY Gold-Seal Champagne

For Sale by  
all leading Wine Dealers  
and Grocers.

Post-Office:  
URBANA, N. Y.

## IT IS READY THE 1897 Columbia BICYCLE

STANDARD OF THE WORLD  
ARE YOU READY FOR IT?

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE

POPE MFG CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

SEND ONE 2 CENT STAMP FOR CATALOGUE  
OR FREE FROM COLUMBIA DEALERS.

This Publication is printed with Ink  
manufactured by

**FRED'K H. LEVEY CO.,**  
59 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

## Winter Tours

CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, JAPAN, CHINA.  
AROUND THE WORLD, \$500.00.

### FOUR DAYS TO CALIFORNIA

The Luxurious "Sunset Limited" Train. Send for reproduction of Train, and Free Illustrated Pamphlets, Maps, Etc. 349 BROADWAY or No. 1 Battery Place (Washington Bldg.), New York.



Reject all compounds which dispense  
With honest work and common sense;  
With Ivory Soap the wash is good  
And takes no longer than it should.

Copyright 1896, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cin. O.

For more than forty years

## Allcock's Porous Plaster

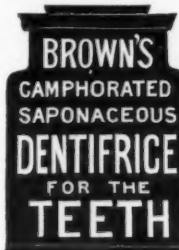
has been in use in every part of the world, and the testimony is universal as to its superior value.



## Liebig Company's Extract of Beef

is the essence of all that is best in beef. Only the best parts of the best cattle, raised by the company on their own grazing fields in Uruguay, are used. That's why it is the best, and for over thirty years unapproached for purity and fine flavor.

For improved and economic Cookery  
For refreshing, nourishing Beef Tea



The best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the world.

To Cleanse and Whiten the TEETH,  
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.  
To Remove Tartar from the TEETH,  
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.  
To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve the TEETH,  
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.  
To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy,  
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.  
Price 25c. a Jar. For Sale Everywhere.



Both speed and reliability  
in "HARTFORD."  
TIRES.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.  
HARTFORD, CONN.

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago,  
Minneapolis, San Francisco,  
Toronto.

**The California Limited**  
Semi-weekly between Chicago and Southern California. Connection for San Francisco via Mojave. Leaves Chicago Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6:00 pm. Pullman Palace Sleepers, Dining Car and Buffet-Smoking Car.  
Most luxurious service via any line.  
For descriptive literature address  
G.T. Nicholson, G.P.A., AT & S.F.Ry., Chicago.

**Santa Fe Route**

Through **EVERY BIT**

of cordage used in the English Navy, there runs a

**RED THREAD** to show that it is Government property.

Throughout the history of American **RED STREAK** which is recognized the world over as . . .  
**Crimson Rim Quality** There is but one Syracuse—it is the Crimson Rim.

Makers: **SYRACUSE CYCLE COMPANY,**  
Syracuse, N. Y.

## VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"I CAN CERTAINLY ADD MY TESTIMONY TO THE VIRTUES OF VIN MARIANI. I AM WELL CONVINCED OF ITS EXCELLENCE AND QUALITY."

SIR HENRY IRVING.

Write to **MARIANI & CO.,** for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 229 Oxford St.  
52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.

**EARL & WILSON'S  
LINEN  
COLLARS & CUFFS**  
BEST IN THE WORLD

**Wanted—An Idea** Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.000 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

## W. H. BAKER'S PREMIUM NO. 1. BEST QUALITY CHOCOLATE BLUE LABEL